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AN
ESSAY ON
WINES,
ESPECIALLY ON
PORT WINE;

Intended to instruct every Person
to distinguish that which is pure,
And to guard
Against the Frauds of Adulteration.

Also to indicate
When and how it may be useful or injurious in Health or Disease.

Μελετη το παν.

By JOHN WRIGHT, M.D.

The Wine this Author continues to deal in, will maintain this Motto,

VINUM HOC SINCERUM, ODORATUM,
SAPIDUM, STOMACHO GRATUM, NEC
VENTRICULO INFESTUM, NEC CAPUT FERIENS.

LONDON:

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1795.



DEDICATION,

WALTER FARQUHAR, ESQ. SURGEON,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET,

LONDON.

DEAR SIR,

THIS Essay in which I have attempted to expose the component parts of wine, and endeavoured to prove, how and when it may be useful or injurious to man, in a state of health or disease.

I wish to submit my sentiments on this important part of the work, to one whose abilities, accurate observation, and extensive experience in the healing art, have raised him to the first rank, among professional men.

If your ideas should coincide with mine, I shall then conceive I have been of use to a large and respectable part of society, by laying open many frauds of adulteration, and showing the means of procuring pure wine, I hope I have erected some beacons
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of danger to health, and pointed out, how it may be used with benefit.

I have yet, Sir, another interested view in this dedication, which is, by means of your name, to induce many to peruse an essay by an author but little known.

When we were surgeons in the army, full thirty years ago, we had many opportunities of ascertaining the advantages and the injuries of wine---your perspicuity and attention to practice, I was then no stranger to.

That you now enjoy in affluence, the fruits of merit and industry, affords me sincere satisfaction, and I feel at this time, the most sensible gratification in renewing our former intimacy and friendship.

Wishing you health, long to enjoy the felicity of a well earned prosperity, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Dear Sir;

With heart-felt esteem,

Your obliged and obedient Servant,

JOHN WRIGHT.

No. 61, Stanhope-Street, Clare-Market,

Sept. 2, 1795.



A PAMPHLET on Port Wine is new even in London; some information will be expected. The Author of this Essay hath had opportunities of acquiring knowledge on this subject; it is his intention, if he can, to make it entertaining and useful, on the basis of fundamental principles. The quantity of Port Wine imported, or used as such in Britain, exceeds greatly the aggregate of all other wines; some of it is good, but we may add, without violation of truth, that much of it is beneath mediocrity. It was formerly looked on as a luxury, lately it is regarded as a necessary part of food; but now an additional duty must affect the consumption of it. When it was used only at the tables of the opulent, this beverage was better; now it is common where ale only was to be found, consequently, it degenerated from purity; yet may I venture to assert, that above three millions of pounds for Red Port are returned yearly to dealers, for what is imported, sophisticated, or made by them; therefore, it is our intention to make clear, if we can, the difference betwixt good and bad Port Wine, on evident principles, so as that almost every person may distinguish easily what is useful or genuine, and detect adulteration, by his senses: if this can be done, the diseases which ensue on the use

The Author's aim is to be useful.

Port Wine is now become common; another augmentation of duty may not increase the revenue, but cause the wine to be worse.

If this can be done, it may be useful. Is not well-being our sovereign good? What can be better than health and satisfaction?

of

of sophisticated wine may be prevented, illnesses relieved, and the felicity of social festivity rendered more pleasant.

This presumption may proceed from the desire of being useful.

In this Essay, from the Author's knowledge of wine, he will venture to indicate where it may be useful to the valetudinarian, and what particular sorts of wine are most suited to different constitutions, ages, ailments and seasons, yet without presuming to prescribe rules, by which benevolent persons may suppose themselves qualified to become gentlemen or lady doctors.

This is an unpleasant part of the task the writer hath set himself, and wishes for a happy deliverance.

He also proposes, *cum mente conscia recti*, to touch tenderly on the frauds of sophistication, so as to make some of these arts evident, and to warn unsuspecting persons against injury, by enabling them easily to discover the existence of heterogeneous matter in wine, particularly lead, yet if possible, so as not to draw down the vengeance of perpetrators on his own head. It is not easy to preserve the *suaviter in modo* while we attempt the *fortiter in re*.

The diseases that wine is liable to will be mentioned, with their causes, and the best means of prevention, also how to recover it, when curable.

A brief but distinct history of Red Port Wine will be attempted.

Though Port Wine only was the primary object of this Essay, yet some anecdotes worthy of attention, on many other wines, will be added, informing the reader how to procure the best, and how to keep them from decay.

The diminished view we must take of this

The component parts of wine will not be passed over in silence, and some suggestions offered

offered to evince, that corporeal as well as part, will scarcely allow us to be distinct. mental taste, may be acquired on true principles of judgment or distinction, without producing fastidiousity, or giving rise to affected delicacy, but rather to increase the satisfaction of enjoyment.

Some observations on the true age or maturity of different wines, though in opposition to the common opinion, will be ventured upon, with some cursory hints how Port may be hurried into a taste of seeming maturity. It is like arrogance to argue against settled opinion.

Short remarks on the wines of Greece and of Rome, during their greatness, will be but touched by the by, because better and more learned writers have treated on them, with circumstantial accounts of the suppers and other festive societies of the ancients at length, in which their manners, customs, conversations, &c. have not been neglected. This hath been ably discussed by excellent authors.

It is intended in this Essay, to say something on forcing or fining of wine, so as only to mention some of the evils accruing from dangerous practices, and to set forth, that the most simple and innocent are the best. The evils accruing from this have been horrible.

Cellars as receptacles for wine are worthy of notice, so far as they may admit of improvement, to make them fitter for the conservation of different kinds of wine, shall have such a place as this short Essay can admit of. This alone might fill a volume. We wish some abler author would take the hint. Many good houses in London have bad cellars.

Thus far shall we proceed according to our anticipated plan of an Essay; if we go farther, it shall be mentioned, because we A rough outline of the author's intentions. mean

mean this Preface to stand for a chapter of contents.

It must be an ungracious task to expose the artifices of evil men, but inclination ought to yield to duty.

We can perceive that some interested persons may suppose themselves aggrieved by the liberties we shall take in telling truths on the subject of sophistication that were not generally known before, but we declare we mean not to indicate any particular person, "nor aught to set down in malice." Plain truth, and the good of society, is our aim; if any shall be offended, we shall be sorry for it; honourable or conscientious men cannot. If any dealer in adulterated wines shall feel hurt by the frauds we mean to expose, or be angry if we lay open any of his arts, we hope for his own sake, he will not complain. If he is but silent, or continues to smile, with a fair face of plausible honesty, or hath but wit enough to turn this Essay into ridicule (in some hands a powerful manner of attacking truth) he may easily laugh at all we shall say, and persevere in iniquitous prosperity, in spite of any argument, proof, or demonstration that reason can adduce. If another edition of this Essay should ever make its way into the world, we may hope to show at more leisure, that we can improve in our language, methodise the matter, and muster up more facts in a style of elegance, than this precipitate publication will admit of; and if those leviathans of literature, the Reviewers, should honour this irregular attempt with a stricture, we deprecate their candour, but submit to their justice; we know that room must be left for the

We hope this will not be regarded as throwing down the gauntlet to critics, but our own opinion of this performance.

the lash of the critic. If he lays it on with equity and good manners (things sometimes neglected) we will bow to his impartiality. If the censor understands our subject, there is one article we believe we may hope for his notice of, the veracity we shall closely adhere to in every thing we mean to mention. If it should not be all the truth, it shall as far as we know, be nothing but the truth.

It hath been roundly asserted by some dealers, that since the passing of an act of Parliament a few years ago, that it is now impossible either to smuggle from the ship, or to brew, or to adulterate, or to increase the quantity of wines they have paid duties for. It is not my intention to argue with these ingenious men; the fair merchant is much benefitted by this act, so is the revenue of the state, because much smuggling is prevented. Were I to answer those advocates for impossibility, I would allow that the first (ship smuggling) is fairly done for; but every reflecting person must have his doubts on the others, because much very bad wine, worse a deal than even the worst that is sent from Oporto, abounds in inns and other public houses, nay, even in families where one might expect a glass of good wine, the Port is very often in such a state as not to please the palate, and half a pint will frequently hurt both the head and the stomach; these are not the effects of pure Port.

When men cannot believe themselves, it is impossible that others can give them credit.

It is not our province to prove in what manner wine is yet increased in quantity, and smuggled out of the cellars of some dealers; it is sufficient to say, we have reason to believe the fact.

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N. B. If

P R E F A C E.

N. B. If this Essay should offend any interested men, so as to send forth anonymous or illiberal attacks on the Author, they must be satisfied with a smile; but if any gentleman can show him he is wrong or mistaken, he will always be open to conviction; and should any munificent man honour him with new or useful informations, by which he may improve another edition, they will be received with grateful acknowledgments. It is an interesting subject to the public, and may deserve the employment of an abler pen; it seems but yet in embryo.

A NECESSARY
P O R T W I N E.

THE red wine called Port, is not made at Oporto; but in the mountainous country called Cima de Douro, about 60 or 70 miles distant from Oporto, and I may say Lamego is within its district.

A brief outline
of Port Wine.

Some parts of this region produce excellent wine, others of an opposite quality; but these mountains are so suited from situation, soil, climate, &c. to the culture of the vine, that I believe from my examination of them, a great variety, equal to the best wines in Europe, might be made there; probably much might be soon done, to improve their present mode of making of wine, by encouraging industry, ingenuity and care, or allowing the lavradores or farmers, to sell their wines according to their value, or allowing a certain sum to each, for picking off the stalks of putrid, green or spoiled grapes, before they are thrown into the tanque or cistern, where they are trodden or squeezed by the feet of large lusty fellows, and lie some time under a pressure, till the liquor is removed into the tonel or vat, to finish its fermentation. Instead of picking, or pains taking, or removing the stalks or bad grapes, all are thrown in promiscuously, and to increase their quantity of wine, water is sometimes added, which never contributes to the worth of the wine, as we shall show anon, when we come to mention its component parts. The vintage begins with September, and commonly ends with it also; the merchants send up by the river Douro their empty pipes, about December, January, February and March, some-

The mode of buying and selling wines there, differs diametrically from any thing of buying and selling in Britain.

Might be much improved at no great expence.

Value of the wine, how ascertained.

The truth of this is proven by the law suits that succeed to their bargains.

These processes bring forth more fraud than fair dealing.

Formerly a few years ago, the market began the moment after midnight; but darkness was too favourable to malevolent designs.

Some of these circumstances may seem fabulous to an English reader, an ample account of them would be tedious.

times in April, to receive their new wines; but the mart sometimes beginneth not before February, that dependeth on the time which the commissioners or deputies from the royal company, may take to taste all the wines, and determine on their rates or qualities, which are fixed by them at three different classes, and may here be denominated, passable, better, best. The prices at the same time are ascertained by the same deputies or governors, at three exact rates, or the lowest, middlemost, and highest, from which, no one is admitted *legally* to deviate, yet we presume many clandestine compacts take place, for whisperings, signs and secret conferences, may be seen betwixt merchants and farmers, by every by-stander. The buyers who seemed friends before, from the vulgar familiarity of Jem, Jack, Will, Dick or Tom, scarcely know one another, or look with Suspicion's jealous eye, when they meet on business at the market in the Cima de Douro. When the edital or proclamation for the three first great days of sale is declared, the exact time of commencement is particularly specified at sun-rising; but the goods are not exposed, nor examined, nor bargained for, as in other markets, all that is done beforehand, and often previously paid for also to the seller, by several different merchants, for the same wines, when they are of a superior or better sort. When the hour of market or getting possession arrives, every buyer, in person, or by his agent, rides, runs or flies if he can, to fix a bit of paper with his name, or his mark on the door of the loja or cellar of the vinhateiro, or wine maker. This is a circumstance of great importance, for according to law, the first in the race is entitled to the wine within; sometimes the billet of the first is pulled down by his successors, and their own put in its place, or the agent is knocked down by an antagonist, before he

he reaches the goal; sometimes different persons have sent armed men, to watch the moment of operation, when heads have been broken, or lives lost in their scuffles.

Law suits on these occasions are not uncommon, and if the proof depends on the oaths of the evidences, either party may obtain it, because affirmations or negations, or affidavits, may be easily procured. I have heard several of the English merchants declare, that there, the justice or injustice of any cause, is of little importance in any court of law, for a little or much money, according to the consequence of the case, delivered without delicacy, by way of empenho, or douceur, will be as pleasantly admitted into the hands of a judge, as a shower of rain on a parched plant, or the sugared speeches of an artful wooer into the ears of a love sick girl, and his sentence is promised; but if an opponent goes with a larger sum, to relate his case, the sage deemster of Lusitania directly finds, that justice or his decision, travels over to the most liberal donor, yet the Portuguese are fond of law suits; the judges are very numerous, but seldom opulent, and their stipends rarely exceed fifty, sixty or seventy pounds per annum, this is after the establishment of salaries in Portugal, for perquisite is the vital principle of all their appointments. Heaven be praised, though we are thought by wise men, who pine after reform, to be in a sinking state, yet bad as we may be supposed to be in Britain, I may venture to aver, that we are still vastly better off, than the people of any other country in Europe, or of Asia, Africa or America; but compare us with Portugal, the condition of all classes of men in every point of view, will look like the sun to a farthing candle. *O Britannii felices, si sua bona norint.*

The ritual of religion seems sacred, while all the moral duties are light in the balance.

By an absurd system of policy, it is the interest of all ranks to be rogues.

While some merchants are contending with
keanness,

AN ESSAY ON PORT WINE.

keenness, or assaulting with acrimony, for the latter blood of the vine, the royal company may be said to secure with tranquillity and ease for their own magazines, near or above one half of the whole produce of the country, and that too, is by no means the worst part of it, for they seem to have a power of picking and choosing, and we have never heard that hitherto, any one, not even of the factory, hath ever presumed to dispute with them.

By May or June, all the wines of the last vintage have descended by boats to Oporto, and as much as possible, is shipped for Britain or Ireland, by March or April, for quick returns are the soul of trade, and before the end of the year, almost all their store-houses, except those of the company, are become nearly as empty as a church at midnight; yet a few solitary pipes of old wine, enough to swear by, may be found in some of their repositories; the company always keep a great deal; but they never sell it to Oporto merchants, nor would they buy it, except on pressing occasions, the price is too high, and the payments must be prompt, these circumstances are inimical to the routine of their commerce, yet they will all sell you wines of former years, as far back as 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, or 92, when they know themselves, that almost all their export is, and must be, batched out of more recent productions.

Almost all the Red Port sent to Britain, was made but the year before, if any old wine is added, it is like a drop to the ocean, something to swear by.

Nothing can be more injurious to health, than a daily drinking of bad Port, yet it is done daily.

To give them strength is easy, for Port brandy, which may be called a liquid fire, or rather a rank slow poison, is always at hand, and is often liberally administered; this additament prevents weak or ill fermented wine from running quickly into the acetous process; but is hurtful to health, and almost as destructive to persons of delicate constitutions, as the same quantity of diluted aqua fortis. I have known many a man of Herculean habit, formed for longevity, who either forsook

forsook this beverage, reduced by it to a valetudinary state, or sunk from its injurious mixtures, into untimely graves. Colour can easily be given to any wine, nay the taste when not good may be mended without discovery, by ordinary judges; but that fragrance called flavour, which delightfully dwells on delicate palates, arises from the essential oil, prepared by nature in the vine, and lodged in the grape, can never be so sophisticated by any art as to deceive, but that a tolerable taste after one smack, must discover the deficiency. If any thing lately taken into the mouth, hath deranged the delicacy of perception, the chewing a crust of bread will restore it, if it hath existence.

Wine may receive any taste, even that of age from art—flavour alone must be genuine, and a certain time is requisite to ripen those delicate particles, so as to delight the senses.

There is an opinion, perhaps a mistaken one, prevails much in this country, that wine must be very old before it can be excellent, and probably he may be a fool-hardy man, who pretends to offer either rhyme or reason against fashion, however, *je ferai bonne mine à mauvais jeu*—Wine, like all other bodies, hath an incessant internal motion, which ripens it first to perfection, immediately after, carries it on to decay; the stationary space is short; but it is some time before most men can perceive, the acetous process is begun; in its progress to maturity, the new or harsh taste is gradually lost, by the deposition of a great proportion of its salt or tartar, which adheres to the cask or bottle, also by the opening of its musty or coherent particles, which bring forth its true taste, and gives it transparency; yet above all, by the solution of its saccharine particles, the separation of the parts of its essential oil, and mixing them more intimately with its spirit and water, which exalt the zest, fragrance and flavour of genuine wine. I believe I have already denied that adulterated wine can possess flavour. Whether these operations for bringing wine to maturity,

On the idea that wine ought to be old.

An attempt to account for the maturity and decay of wine.

Wine may be found or goodish, that originally had little or no flavour, just as a woman may be beautiful without wit, sense or grace.

When wine is too old, or begins to be decomposed.

Wine like all things else, hath its infancy, acme and decay.

Wine, and its age for use, are not generally so well understood as they ought to be. In the best vintages much bad wine is made; in the worst, some that is excellent may be obtained, and the true age of wine is when its flavour is exalted into delicacy.

Wine is of more importance to health, than those who drink it daily attend to as they should.

turity, are owing to fixed air, called *gas*, from the Dutch word *gheest*, signifying spirit, or to elementary fire, or to—but here let me stop, and leave this subject to hypothetical philosophers, or to experimental chymists; but soon after wine hath arrived at its best state, it begins to deposit its colour, and turns tawney, the flavour diminishes, and taste itself decays; here disease begins, the *acor*, the *mucor* and *vappa*, or death itself regularly succeed.

Adulterated wine (unless brandy be its soul) soon makes its exit. The light sorts of lively wines, such as Burgundy, Champaign, &c. seldom, even in cool cellars, are good, when two or at most three years old. Malaga, Madeira, and other firm strong wines, when well made, may last long, perhaps fifty or sixty years; but Port Wine, when firm and well fermented, from good grapes in a good vintage, can seldom or never, without a moderate proportion of brandy, be preserved in perfection above ten, twelve, or fourteen years at farthest, probably not so long. I never tasted pleasanter or better Port, than some of six years old, it had been four years in the wood, and two in bottles. I allow that if very good Port hath been dashed with brandy, it requires much time to meliorate, and mingle that noxious spirit into the body of the wine, so as to conceal its ardour; but even then its deleterious qualities remain.

Those who love good wine, and wish to preserve their health, ought to be very careful at first of its nature and quality; afterward, as solicitous about the situation, construction and temperature of their cellars, keeping all their wines in a proper state, according to the temperament of them. I have known Burgundy and Champaign become viscid or ropy, and vapid, by being kept too warm, and recovered soon after, by covering

vering the bottles with ice.  These wines ought never to continue in any place, where the warmth exceeds 33 degrees by Farenheit's thermometer. Port Wine may stand in 47°, Madeira in 40°; but of these things we mean to be more particular, when we touch on cellars. It is a common practice with wine dealers, when they wish to pass off Red Port, for two or three years older than it is, to add white wine to it; but this is comparatively one of their most venial peccadillo's, it were much to be wished, that nothing more mischievous was perpetrated, though wine so composed, will not long preserve its taste or colour. When they add Benecarlo to give consistence and colour, to low priced thin pale Port, they are not criminal still; but a fresh fermentation being brought on by artificial heat, exhausts the wine of its better parts, if it had any before—no matter, British brandy gives it strength, and it will sell while it can be afforded cheap. In autumn, 1794, about 300 pipes of Port were sold in one day in London, it was said, to government contractors, for hospital use, and for the navy and army, at 35l. per pipe. The *cheapest*, no, I mean to say the lowest priced wines, sold at Oporto for some years past, have not been less than from nineteen to 22l. per pipe. The Custom-house duties, before this last new one was laid on, freight, insurance, gaugers, porters, boatmen, watchmen, cartage, cellarage, leakage, &c. &c. is not less than 23l. The total at least amounts to 45l. per pipe, for inferior wine, yet ingenious men could sell it last autumn, for 9l. less than it cost them, and virtuous economical contractors, out of their love for the pillars of the nation, purchase Port for the sick, in the large and numerous hospitals, or for our fleets and armies, that must do more execution, than all the powder or shot of the enemy. It is true, that the physicians employed,

Some wines should be kept very cool, others with more warmth.

Some petty practices of wine-dealers exposed.

Hot cellars soon destroy wine, by hurrying it into decay.

Cheapness is a secret art among wine-dealers, something like masonry, when known, of no great value. The best wines are always the cheapest.

Prices of common factory wine at Oporto. Unavoidable additions.

Price to the dealer.

Sold for less.

Bought by publicans, economists, or contractors.

Physicians often dare not speak

out, or if they do, are not listened to.

ployed, with that their patients and the troops may have good wine; but at this time (January, 1795,) it is impossible to procure wine at so low a price as 46l. in London, that can be used by any class of men, without evil effects in a short time.

Though indifferent or bad wine is sold low, the profits are made to answer the desires of the dealers. The new duties are above 11l. on each pipe.

Slow poisons may be had in abundance, from 35 to 46l. but we deny that it is possible for any wine-dealer in Britain now, to afford sound, undulterated, wholesome Port Wine, fit for food, medicine, or social felicity, from his cellars, for 46l. a pipe on the old duty, and we lament sincerely that the health and lives of his Majesty's valuable subjects, are exposed to the avarice of a few rapacious men, who batten on their bane. Military hospitals, or indeed all ailing, valetudinary or convalescent persons, nay the most robust men, ought either to be supplied with pure good wine, or have none at all.

The ancient physicians gave good wine mixed with water to the sick.

Hippocrates, the Father of Physic, understood well the advantages of giving good wine to his patients. Sometimes he allowed them, what he calls *ισος ισω*, or half and half. The highest allowance of wine in water, he admitted to the sick, he termed *οινωδες* or *αρχαλισατον*, and the weakest *υδαρις* or *υδαρισερον*; but the exact state of these mixtures, I believe have not been ascertained; but how could they, for these must have been settled by circumstances? The ancients, both Greeks and Romans, particularly their poets, have sung in immortal song, the celebrity of wine. Homer, who probably loved a chirping glass, (*Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus, Hor. Epist.*) calls it *ωλον θεων*, or *patio deorum*, or ambrosial nectar, vide, *Iliad*, 6, &c. Plato, Cicero, &c. who were moderate men, yet were fond of their friends, and fine flavoured wine, have elegantly expressed their sentiments of society, when wine whetted their wit, and we might have suspected Horace unjustly, to have been a toper,

The ancients excellent judges of wine.

toper, from his animated commendations of the *vina Surrentina, Massica, Tuscula, Sabina, Albana, Caecuba, Falerna, &c.* we recollect a satisfactory sensation of future felicity in Virgil, though temperate as a vestal, when he saw the cellars replenishing after the vintage. *Dulci distendunt nectare cellas.* The ancient Grecians, who never have been exceeded in elegance, wisdom or taste, have extolled their *Pramnian* and *Maronean* wines to the skies, and their *Chian, Cretan* or *Thasian* wines, on account of their fragrance and flavour, had the appellation *οἶνος ἀνθόσμουας* bestowed on them, yet we believe that the wines of Cima de Douro called Port, if that country was properly planted with various vines, might vie with any that Greece or Italy have ever produced.

Climate and soil of Alto D'Auro in Portugal suited to the vine.

If a writer had any ambition to exhibit his reading on wine, he might easily fill a volume by compilation or quotation from many authors, both ancient and modern; but we hold it more to our purpose, to offer in a pamphlet, a few plain facts that may inform those, who have not given their attention to this subject, without offending the intelligent reader, and to keep as closely as we can to the red wine called Port, because it is now become the most universal in Britain, little else being now used.

About 40 years ago, the consumption of Port was but little in Britain, or indeed any where else.

About fifty thousand pipes or more are yearly imported, about sixty or seventy thousand at least are consumed, and a vast deal of it so unpleasant, or rather offensive and unwholesome, that it is astonishing to observe, those who think themselves rational beings, guzzle it without taste or reflection, while it confounds and confuses the ideas of men, making them fierce, angry and quarrelsome; pure unsophisticated well made wine is generous, disposing its votaries to benevolence, hilarity, and friendship, moderate deviations from the more languid sameness of do-

Adulterated Port, unwholesome and unpleasant.

The usual effects of pure wine, when judiciously taken.

A humble attempt to account for these effects.

domestic felicity, with a few intelligent friends, and good wine now and then mends the mind, prevents peevishness, and gives a gentle fill up to sluggish circulation or nervous torpor, just as a mackarel gale may clear the atmosphere from putrid particles generated by *marsh miasmata*, corruption or stagnation. While I am thus engaged with wine, let me recollect myself like Horace, *Quo me Bacche rapis tui.*

Pure wine a good medicine.

Plenum? Lest some doughty doctor should say, *ne futor ultra crepidam*; yet let me add that pure Port in languid, putrid or scorbutic diseases, is preferable to all the neuroticks, or to all the antisepticks, that all the sons of *Æsculapius* can administer, and from my motto, that it is grateful to the stomach, without being hurtful to the brain. I wish I could say any thing favourable for the mended or made wines, that are often sold for Port, to ignorant, avaricious or parsimonious purchasers, it is more than probable, for every shilling they save in wine, they pay a pound, by loss of time, &c. to their doctors and apothecaries. I never had the honour of tasting any wine, that was compounded by the late Lord Pembroke,* who, it is said, understood that art, upon better principles than any other person in Britain, and though he could give colour, transparency and taste, yet as he could never confer flavour, therefore I am disposed to believe that a real judge, who played not the parasite, could never declare he was deceived, or supposed it to be pure Port; but indeed there is this in favour of his declaration, that the judge who acquired his judgment in Britain only, could only pass sentence on such wine, as he had been accustomed to taste here. It hath been, and is still the practice in Porto, to complete the batching or mixtures of all their red

Bad wine a slow poison.

May not such arts as wine making compared to pure wine, be like *ferdmain* to natural philosophy.

It hath been asserted that men of taste often declared the wine of Lord Pembroke's manufacture was excellent.

Judges can only speak of what they know.

Port Wine completed for the British market with brandy.

* We wish the noble Earl had published all his operations on the manufacture of wine.

wine

wine with Portuguese brandy. I will not say that a pipe of pure unmixed Port Wine never arrived in this country: but I believe that no Port Wine merchant will venture to aver, that he ever exported from Oporto, or imported into Britain for sale, three pipes of red wine, that had not been completed or mixed in his cellars, or strengthened with brandy. It is a notorious fact, that every wine merchant in Porto, buys annually from the Porto Wine company, a certain quantity of Brandy, according to his wants, it alone possessing a monopoly of that article. N. B. Brandy is dearer than wine, but absolutely necessary to make small or bad wines keep. It would be as easy to ascertain what every commercial house uses of it, as it is to tell the number of pipes of wine purchased or exported under each firm; the aggregate of the brandy, added by all the merchants to all their wines, is by no means small, some have said they use very little or none; *credat Judeus Appella*. These veracious gentlemen may be asked what becomes of all the brandy they buy? Port Wine made in a vintage, from sound ripe grapes only, subsequent to a favourable season, well fermented, without the addition of extraneous matter, and when suffered to lie quiet on its lees or mother for a year or two, which is seldom or never the case, is abundantly firm, with sufficient body, but not to keep long, without a little good brandy, and might then deserve the appellation *πρῶτον θενον*, for there could be no better wine in colour, taste or flavour, especially if all the spoilt grapes and stalks had been removed. All these things may in time be attended to, when they shall be liberally paid for; but while the present system rages, of low prices, ready returns, sending forth emissaries at a great expence, with plausible tales, to undersell one another, then delivering a deleterious swill to parsimonious purchasers,

When brandy
abounds in wine
it may easily be
felt in the
mouth, about
the root of the
tongue, or tasted
in the gullet
by any besides
dram drinkers.

A proposal how
to make Port
Wine, equal to
any in the
world.

If the remote
causes of diseases
and death
were ascertained—bad
wine would
stand forth con-

spicuously.

Any person who knows how, may buy Port here cheaper than a fair dealer can sell it.

About 70 guineas at the present duty.

The points of view in which good wine ought to be regarded.

A plain representation of the effects of all spirituous liquors.

The hospitals of this city are woeful testimonies of the evils arising from the common use of spirituous liquors.

These ideas are liable to reprehension from those who contend violently about the dignity of human nature.

chasers, who lose their health in using it, while they seem to save their money; but I am afraid that few are real gainers by this frugal traffick, besides dealers, doctors, lawyers, vintners, apothecaries, heirs, undertakers, &c. I have a few times had my palate delighted with the ineffable flavour of Port, made after the manner I have described, and it equalled any other wine I ever tasted. I conjecture that such wine could not be sold under 60, or 65l. a pipe, in England, on the old duty; but what is such a price to opulent men; if it could be brought into the market, it might be regarded as a medicine for the sick, as a haustus of health for the valetudinarian, and the bliss of elegant festivity. Would it not be much better for those who cannot afford to pay for good wine, or who doth not choose to expend an adequate price upon it, to be contented with ale, beer, cyder, perry, &c. rather than to be bringing on themselves diseases without delight, by drinking bad wine? No, absurd vanity says, give me wine. It may be here thought impertinent to warn all who are in the practice of drinking spirituous liquors, whether in liqueurs, drams, doctors, wine, punch, grog, toddy, bembow, or materia medica, that not one man in a thousand, can continue it with impunity. A description of the disorders, consequent on the daily use of spirits, would far exceed the limits I here propose for this pamphlet, and were I to take pains equal to the importance of the subject, the probability stands thus. I should be regarded with the same attention, as a set of sensualists would give to a sermon against indulgence; he that considers man carefully, must conclude he is a being, who prefers the present to the future; it is true, there are a few rational reflectors among the lords of creation, but a few swallows make no summer.

When

AN ESSAY ON PORT WINE.

43

When we said above that the high opinion commonly held on very old wines may be erroneous, we did not mean to say that very new wine is preferable, far from it. Suffer me to explain. I have seen men praising tawny Port after it had lost its flavour, if it had any before, only because it was old; if they like it, *de gustibus non est disputandum*; but there is a great majority of men, who taste, think, or act after the opinions of others, sometimes because they have no sentiment themselves, or they are disposed to follow fashion, or to go by some great authority. In wines, some are old at eighteen months, viz. small Burgundy or light Champagne; others are too new at six years old, viz. Madeira, Malaga, and all the sweet strong wines. To judge properly of Port, draw a cork or two every six months, after it hath been in bottle. When wine is very transparent, its taste pleasant, and its flavour fragrant, wait no longer, whatever is its real or nominal age. Horace says, *Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero*. Port, like all other wines, ripens or remains crude, in a short or a long time, according to its lightness or thinness, or firmness, strength or consistence, according to the fermentation it hath undergone, the quality of the grapes, the quantity of water added to their juice, or the portion of brandy put to it; or in short, to many circumstances that are too tedious to be read, therefore, it is impossible to give a table of time, or unconditional rules, as to the proper age of any wine: *e. g.* one cellar will forward wine, or other fermented liquors, as much in a few months, as another will in three or four years; but forcing is not a natural progression of their intestine motion, it may make them seemingly more ripe, but never fails to injure every thing that is valuable in them.

The best way to know when Port Wine is of a proper age for use.

I was some years ago in the very extensive vaults

All arts and tricks of dealers destructive to good wine. Artificial or improper heat raiseth a sort of fresh fermentation.

Evils from using very new wine.

On forcing.

Deleterious methods of forcing wine.

vaults of an opulent wine dealer, they contained an incredible quantity of pipes, iron stoves with fires in them, were placed so as to diffuse universal warmth. I asked him if that heat did not hurt his wine; he said no, for a certain time, for it ripened and *made it old*, or fit for present drinking. Such practices may suit the economical tasteless man, who takes in his wine by the dozen, and will have it cheap, but he never can expect to have a glass of tolerable wine after such treatment. Those who purchase such wine by the pipe, may find it extravagantly dear in the end.

If wine is drank very new, or before much of the elastic gas is evaporated, it will often bring on disorders of the bowels, nervous complaints, and sometimes rheumatic indispositions, &c. all which can never happen from good wine, of a proper age. Forcing of wine is a loose term, sometimes used for sending down all the feculent matter in it to the bottom, so as to make it transparent; at other times it means, forcing it on from newness, crudity or harshness, to a state of more mellowness or maturity. We shall here hold to the former. Many are the ways of forcing or clearing wine; we shall mention the best and the worst, the intermediate ones we shall pass over in silence. All forcings of wine with mineral substances we think bad, but those with arsenick, or corrosive sublimate, the worst of all. When the finest particles of these fossile bodies continue imperceptibly suspended in the wine, and are daily taken into the body in small quantities, they gradually produce diseases which have a tendency to putridity, to scurvy, dropsy, dysentery, stinking breath, cutaneous eruptions, rheumatism, rottenness and blackness of the teeth, and a train of nervous disorders, that make even strong men valetudinarians, and yet their complaints continue obscure to their physicians, who have no clue to the

the cause. Some men, who have drank freely of wine so forced, have lost their lives without lingering. We hope this is sufficient to deter confident or ignorant persons from such dangerous forcings. Some have used litharge in this way, particularly when it is pricked, though not quite so destructive as arsenick, yet like all other preparations of lead, when taken internally, is exceedingly hurtful to health.

Horrible histories of evils might be adduced to prove what we advance. A notorious fact near London about 30 years ago may elucidate these hints.

The simplest and best way that we can recommend for fining of red wine, is the following: if for a pipe, take the whites of sixteen fresh eggs, let them be well beaten or shaken up, then add about two quarts of wine from your pipe to them, shake all up together in a large bottle, until they become like one uniform inseparable fluid, then add this mixture to the wine in your pipe, stirring them together, till they are united; bung up your cask, to continue undisturbed for some days, weeks, or months. Some prefer isinglass to eggs, especially for white wines. When you bottle off, let the air be temperately soft; perhaps it may be fancy, but I have long thought that when the wind is westerly, the air is most favourable for the exposed wine; I speak of sound unsophisticated wine, for as to brandied adulterated liquors of that sort, I say nothing, they perhaps deserve but little consideration. Some sensible men have recommended clean well washed sand to be added along with the eggs, when the wine is cloudy; it can do no harm, but if the wine hath been properly fermented, there is no necessity for it; we believe that the most simple method of treating pure good wine is the best.

The easiest and best mode of fining wine. One bad egg may affect a whole pipe of wine.

In mild weather this operation is over in eight or ten days; in cold weather it is more tedious.

It is well known, that both the Greeks and the Romans were more solicitous about preserving of their wines than any other ancient nations, and probably have never been equalled by any of the moderns; it is probable also, that in those

Curfory hints on the wines and festivity of the ancients compared with the moderns.

D

days

days the men of fashion, or rather the men of affluence and elegance, were more select in their supper societies, drawing together into parties such as were of reputation for their learning, abilities, or convivial powers; their conversations formed the feasts of reason, but they did not grow gloomy on serious subjects, for musick generally made a part, nay pantomime, or buffoons, were often admitted, and indeed every thing was admissible, that could tend to the felicity of society; nor did they sacrifice only to Ceres, they introduced larger cups, or stronger wines, according to the humour of the company. Alcibiades, and the *bons vivants*, his cotemporaries, would often exceed the bounds of moderation, but then they were better bred than the noisy bacchanalians of my younger days, who now are all silent as the grave. At Athens or Rome, in their convivial societies, when they quaffed *en grand gayeté du cœur*, it was their custom to say to those who could not, or would not, partake more, even of the Pramnian or the Falernian cup, *aut bibe aut abi*. In Britain I have known it often, that the milk-sop or the flincher was not allowed to make his escape from the roaring scenes of hilarity, the door hath been locked, and by dire necessity, he hath been compelled to swill libations of black strap (horrible bad Port) till it soon operated like the water of Lethe. We hope for the sake of politeness, in these days of refinement, that our *etourdi*, *ou bons vivants de bon ton*, never in this land of liberty prevent any person from taking himself away.

From what we can collect in their accounts of themselves, they seem to have been better bred, and more affable, than we could lately pretend to be.

Such were the Bacchanalians, or Bloods, or Bucks, about the middle of this century.

There is reason to believe the ancients used purer wines than we commonly do.

Socrates, who was perhaps one of the best bottle companions that ever delighted in the little hours, and no flincher, though he was accused of intemperance by Plato, yet was certainly a sober man, for he never took in more wine than excited his eloquence, or made his wit sparkle

sparkle with all the brightness of vivacity. He was a perfect stranger to ebriety, but we believe he could not, nor would not, have shone with the same lustre in midnight society, under the auspices of our common Port Wine, so preciously delivered to us by benevolent dealers, who kindly sell it to their friends cheaper than it costs them, with all its consequent duties; *apropos*, it hath just this moment shot into my *nous*, how to account for this clever manner of the dealers serving their economical customers; when they discover that their wine on importation, *genuine* from the magazine of the merchant, is a little too strong of the brandy, or too *rich* from its saccharine or oily parts not yet opened, and to attenuate its viscosity (being excellent chymists) they pour in a portion of sea-water, &c. either to give the wine something resembling flavour, or as the French call it, *un gout plus piquant*, or perhaps for a better reason, only known to themselves, which neither the author nor the reader of this may have ingenuity enough to hit upon. It is probable, that some ingenious dealers are men of science, have picked up this improvement from the Roman or Grecian authors. We remember somewhere to have read, that the Romans were so curious about the salt-water they added to their wine, that they sent for it a great way from the shore; and that the Greeks, who were not ignorant of this method of mending or increasing the quantity of their wine (as our learned dealers will allow) called it, *Οἶνον Θαλασσαιμενον*, Colum. Athen. lib. 1. Plin. lib. 23, cap. 1, &c.

Reasons why Port Wine may be sold cheaper than it cost the buyer.

Reasons why artists may think it right to add sea-water; and some send out more from their cellars without discovery, than their entrances ever amounted to.

Reasons why English artists first began their improvements.

We shall say nothing of the nice kernel taste, which ingenious artists confer upon Port, with hepatic aloes, gentian, &c. to conceal the acor or sourness when it begins, or of many other dexterous things which they are masters of; we are

AN ESSAY ON PORT WINE.

only surprised they do not apply to Parliament for a premium adequate to their merit.

On cellars,

I believe it was promised in the Preface to say something on cellars. We have seen some cellars in the finest fabrics of this and other countries in Europe; here they are greatly entitled to preference, but still we suppose there is room for improvement. Men of opulence in this island possess all the comforts of life in a superior style of utility and elegance, to any other part or nation on this globe, and suffer me to add, with heartfelt satisfaction, that our labourers and paupers also enjoy the humbler necessaries, even in these days of dearth, in a preferable manner, with regard to plenty or excellence. I lament that others are much to be pitied, but rejoice that we are in all stations superlatively better off. I write not this from hearsay (*grace a Dieu*) but from the conviction of all my senses.

Here follows a digression that may be passed over. Bread is now dearer in Portugal than in Britain.

It is a bad game where the winner must be a loser.

Perhaps these dull facts may stand the test against specious theories, or the wise hypotheses of rhetorical men.

If we could but have wisdom enough in the government of this blessed spot, to preserve our divine constitution from corruption, and to keep ourselves out of all scrapes of continental wars, which never can (even were we to be successful beyond our wishes) bring us any solid advantage. Let us but contend with continental antagonists in commerce, in arts, sciences and honour, or if we should be compelled, in self-defence, to produce our prowess, let us, by the care of our navy, convince them all, that in nautical tactics we never will flinch or become their inferiors. When our victories have made them petition for peace, let us still without pride or meanness, soar above them, proving to all the world, that we are as generous as we are brave. Pardon, benevolent reader, this involuntary and unpremeditated digression, and allow me, without reprehension, again to sink into the cellar.

I was about to say, that cellars may be so contrived,

trived, that every thing, according to its nature, particularly wine, might be preserved, not only longer, but better than it now is. How? They should not only be close so as to exclude all change of air, whether hot or cold, but they should exclude all agitation of air that may arise from firing of cannon, ringing of bells, thunder, &c. or motion from carriages. Cellars for light wines, such as Burgundy, Champaign, Claret, Frontiniac, &c. should be in a temperature of about 33 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. Madeira, Malaga, or other strong or sweet wines, ought to have a warmth of 37 or 40 degrees. I have known them, under some circumstances, meliorate kindly in 60.

On the formation of cellars.

Temperature,

Cellars for sweet or strong wines require proportionate warmth,

Port, like all other wine, ought to be kept according to its constitution, if light or old, in about 35 degrees; if firm or new, in 37 or 38; but the best way is to keep a thermometer in every cellar, and to draw a cork from time to time, to discover the true state of the wine. If by any means the internal motion in the wine is too much excited, the disease of acor, οξύτης, or sharpness, which is often in the cellars of dealers, deleteriously cured, no, I mean to say concealed by litharge, &c. in this case (*caveat emptor*) the buyer ought to possess more than common judgment to discover it; the best brief direction we can give is, an unpleasant sweetish taste, which some particular people like, that dwells on the palate, or about the root of the tongue, but those who drink it commonly, may find that costiveness, pains in the bowels, or *colica pictonum*, with the loss of the use of limbs, &c. &c. are the consequences.

Consequences on using pricked wine, when corrected with litharge, or any other preparation of lead.

The next indisposition of wine is the *mucor* or mustiness, which not even brandy can cure; yet it is often cooked up by artificial compositions, till it will taste tolerably, with some who distinguish

Some dealers know well that economy often keeps prisoner the judgment of even sensible men.

guish without delicacy; but they can buy it a bargain; a thorough paced dealer, like a frugal apothecary, casteth nothing away.

Spiritus rector,
or *silvestris*, the
cause of fra-
grance or fla-
vour.

The third and last illness of wine is the *vappa*, which is only a progression or advance of the *mucor*; in it a total decomposition of the wine takes place, the *spiritus silvestris*, or the *spiritus rector*, upon which we suppose the flavour of wine, and almost all the odour of vegetables, to depend, is lost, the colour subsides, and the taste is mawkish. This is the effect of the third operation or fermentation, which chymists I believe call the putrid; when this last process is finished, the body lies like a fine lady, just dead in a consumption, its soul is gone *. One of the Greek Fathers, not the least respectable in the group, hath said something nearly similar †. These diseases of wine often proceed from its being meagre, ill made, forced on, or adulterated, eke from cellars badly constructed, or improperly suited to their contents.

Cellars, their
bad construction
one of the
causes why
wine, &c. fall
into diseases
and decay.

From our experience and attention to wines, we conclude that sound good Port, when well kept, is generally in perfection when it hath been three, four, or five years in the wood, and one, two, or three in bottle, sometimes sooner, though we have tasted some excellent at twelve, but oftener observed it on the decay; when it was kept in *statu quo* by brandy, it is true, that spirit lost much of its ardency, but if a person of moderate sensibility drinks about a bottle of such wine, thirst, feverishness, nausea, and head-ach, are often the consequences.

Effects of
brandied wine,
even when old.

* Vitiumque musto quibusdam in locis, iterum spon-
fervere; quâ calamitate deperit sapor; vappæque accipit
nomen; probro sum etiam homini, cum degeneraverit
animus. *Plin. l. 14. c. 20.*

† Οὐκ μὲν ἀρετῆς βλάβη το παρὰ τραπεζῖνας, καὶ εἰς ὀξίνην με-
ταπησιῖν. *S. Chrysost.*

We

We have seen some ample cellars in the palaces of this country, but when compared with those of many Roman patricians, they are no more than a Welch chapel, to the sublime cathedral of Saint Peter. The luxury of these days hath been abused by simple men, nay the pulpit hath groaned with declamatory tones, on this popular subject; but let us consider luxury relatively, we are, or ought to be exceedingly opulent; we are powerful, for we have at this moment near 500,000 men in arms against France; having now become the principals in this bloody and expensive war, luxury is the natural child of wealth, any one of our very richest men is thought to be extravagant, if he hath 30 or 40 pipes of Port, or all other wines in his cellars; nay, we doubt if any potentate of these days possesses double that quantity; yet such was the hospitality, magnificence or voluptuous luxury of antient times, that many private gentlemen, subjects of imperial Rome, commonly kept at least a thousand pipes of the choicest wines, in their cellars, such as the Greek Physician Athenæus, founder of the Pneumatic sect, called *οἶνος ἀρθροπνεύματος*, every sort that was excellent, which Greece, Italy or Spain produced, they had in abundance.* We shall but barely mention the names of Quintus Hortensius and of Lucius Lucinius Lucullus, adding that some of the Roman Emperors spent yearly above 7,000,000 of our money in entertainments and domestic expences,

Cellars of modern times compared to those of ancient.

Voluptuousness the offspring of opulence.

Vast expence of the ancient Romans.

* As it is not our intention to swell this pamphlet into a book, we shall desist from voluminous quotations to prove what we advance; but the curious reader may be satisfied by looking into the fragments of the learned Lucius Terentius Varro; into Cicero, &c. or into Arbuthnot on Coins. Suetonius hath given us wonderful accounts of their suppers, which cost many thousands of pounds; more than enough to stagger the faith of an unlearned reader in a trifling tract of this sort.

independent

When princes are extravagant we wish they would recollect they are spending what is not their own.

Warm baths costly, large and numerous.

The dreadful doctrine of relaxation was the powerful argument of the moderns against warm bathing, but it was more specious than real. Physic, Law, and even Religion are subject to fashion. Were the ancient Greeks or Romans remiss or relaxed?

Conjectural ideas on drawing wine from the cask into large stone bottles.

independent of the charges of the state; and that the monster Caligula, after the same manner, expended above double that sum, that is, about or above forty thousand pounds a day, on his own family, or his private expences, without ever having done one liberal, humane or beneficent action! The thermæ of the ancients were to them a necessary or fashionable part of great expence attending on magnificence, which the moderns have never attempted. I have examined the bathing rooms, still extant in the ruins of some palaces, particularly in Dioclesian's at Rome, where they were built with polished marble, some of them are still almost perfect; it hath been said by some author, I remember not who, that three thousand was the number of them in that splendid building; but from their size, that seems more than apocryphal. The ancient physicians have amply, from the great Coan downward, recommended warm bathing. We believe that the modern physicians, till lately more influenced by hypothesis than science or experience, absurdly neglected this pleasant and inestimable remedy. The Greeks and Romans used warm bathing as a prelude to supper. It might be made a pleasant and useful part of modern luxury.

When I mentioned cellars, it was my intention to offer some conjectures on the bottling and keeping of wine, so as to preserve its taste, colour and flavour, better than it is now done; the common quart bottle is so generally used, that we question whether or not any thing proposed as better will be listened to; but there can be no harm in sporting a harmless idea, though it is not sufficiently supported by experiment. *Allons nous verrons*—It hath long been our opinion, that good wine, particularly Port, may have all its qualities better conserved in a larger body, or quantity, than a quart bottle can contain, and in a sort of composition

composition of earth, called unglazed stone bottles, and of a size from four quarts to four and twenty, which may be brought forth according to exigency, the glass quart bottle may be conveniently used in small families, or tête à tête parties, but in larger companies it seemeth probable that a great quantity drawn off with a syphon would be finer, more free from the carelessness of decantation, more wine would be brought over pure, and the flavour, by being kept in larger quantity, in a thicker bottle, be prevented from making its escape or perishing—these stone bottles might be sunk in the cellar, or pitched over, they would be less affected by the changes of the air, which acteth powerfully on wine, as well as on all other bodies, the mouth of each large bottle ought to be waxed or pitched over the cork, and might be marked as in ancient times with the date—*ac veluti stet volucris dies*.

Advantages
from large stone
bottles.

Parcis deripere horreo.

Cessantem bibuli consulis amphoram ? Hor. Ode 28. l. 3.

In Scotland where they liberally quaff the festal cup of hospitality, they usually draw off their wine from the pipe into large bottles, many of them hold about five pints, some are much larger, these were originally intended for Claret, now-a-days Port possesses the *magnum bonum*, and there is no doubt there, but that the wine is better for it. The ancient Romans undoubtedly had good wines, felt their excellence, and understood well how to treat them; they commonly kept them in large earthen vessels—we have seen their amphora, a bottle of about eight gallons, often respectably mentioned, sometimes the urna of four gallons—the modius about ten quarts—the congius about six sextaries, or our gallon—the sextarius something less than our quart—the hemina about half

Very large bottles are, or were common in Scotland.

The Romans kept their wines in large earthen vessels.

E

a sex-

Seldom in small ones except for small companies. a sextarius, or nearly our pint.* We think these Roman measures, the amphora excepted, were seldom used as vessels for preserving wine, at least for large companies, because they have been as such, but little mentioned; more might be said on this subject, but we dread to tire the reader.

Component parts of wine.

Spirit.

Air or elastic fluid.

Tartar.

Criterion by which new may be distinguished from old wine.

We come next according to our promise, to touch on the component parts of wine; suffer us first to observe that the common matter of all mixed bodies is the same, but as it is not our intention, to give here a chymical analysis of wine, but a brief mention of its component parts, we shall only observe spirit is discoverable to the smell and taste, by its volatility and pungency, in distillation it rises first and is brought over as brandy.† Air is also a considerable part in all fermented fluids, and probably gives them much of their pleasant pungency, as may be discovered by adding fixed air to water, or extracting it by an air pump, from ale, wine, cyder, &c. The essential salt or tartar, which shoots into chrystals, and adheres to the sides of wine casks or bottles, like a hard stone, is another component part of wine, peculiar to itself—it is not difficult to tell exactly, whether wine be old or new in spite of art, by the presence or absence of its tartar; when tartar abounds, there is a sensible saline harshness that effects the organs of taste. In proportion as it hath shot, mellowness succeeds; but if present in

* The Greeks also had a two-eared wine vessel which they called *amphorus*, but their *MOΔΙΟΣ* was a dry measure, they had also their *ΣΕΤΗΡ* or sextarius, and the *ΗΜΙΣΤΥΣ*, or *semi vel semis*.

We could wish that the latter part of this note were attended to.

† When wine possesses a sufficient quantity of fermented spirit, it may be said to be generous, or cordial; when it is too small in quantity, it is called meagre or hungry; when distilled spirit is added to supply the natural, wine then becomes proportionally a poisonous liquor, which tolerable taste may discover, and all men ought to avoid, as injurious to health.

a fluid

a fluid state, it is not unwholesome—the chemists of old, promised to do wonders with it, which they never performed. It seems to me needless to mention that wine contains earth, because it is imperceptible to the drinker—the oily particles which exist in wine, are small in quantity, but probably on their nature depends its fragrance and flavour, and though their escape by adulteration, or decay of the wine, is not attended with any sensible diminution of weight or bulk, yet every person whose senses of taste and smelling are but tolerably good, may easily discover the deficiency—we cannot help remarking here, that many people have eyes well enough formed for common vision, but have no perspicacity or delicacy of perception; that is to say, they cannot observe in a group, the harmony of proportion—just so in tasting, though there be no real or radical deficiency of the organ, yet there is often an absence of minute accuracy, we also may hear distinctly without understanding melody, cadence or rhythm—our minds are also generally strangers to the power of pleasing consciousness, in the elegant arts and sciences, until we are taught the nature of things, on fundamental or primordial principles. Might not every person who enjoys the ordinary faculties of man, and who can afford a polite education, be taught easily as much of the constitution of cause and effect, as might make him relish corporeally or intellectually, the pleasures of true taste?—Might not such an education be perfectly consistent with grace, good manners and felicity, by removing error, by overturning affectation, by crushing fastidiousity, by suppressing false pride, and convincing us of the beauty of true humility?—Once more do I beg pardon for unpremeditated digression, and return to our subject—we shall pass over in silence some other minute parts, which the chymist might dis-

Earth.

Essential oil.

A digression.

We have sometimes supposed there is a sex in the soul, because women commonly excel men both in bodily and mental taste, especially when educated; alas, females seldom have a good education; but an amiable woman well educated is a blessing in the happiest circle of society.

Aqueous part
of wine, such as
is natural or ge-
nerated in the
grape.

Different from
water, and upon
which princi-
pally depend
the virtues of
the weaker
wines.

A species of
Port but little
known even in
Portugal, is
now excellent.

Whether this
wine should be
called Port, or
not, we cannot
say, as it is very
different, ano-
ther more pro-
per name might
easily be given
to it. Why not;

close, but may be foreign to our purpose, there-
fore we come finally to that part of wine, which
far exceeds all the rest in magnitude, and with-
out it all the rest would be useless or injurious to
man, I mean water. When all these parts are
naturally or simply combined in a just harmony
of proportion, wine is a beneficial beverage—when
artificially united by wine brewers, they are sel-
dom pleasant, and we believe always, either
immediately or remotely, are productive of
evil effects, when commonly or daily used.—
The aqueous fluid here mentioned is very dif-
ferent from common elemental water, as hath
been proved by experiments; it is in its nature,
purer and lighter, than even distilled water,
from some qualities it possesses, by its prepa-
ration in the vine. It hath been found in some
disorders, that a proper allowance of light fra-
grant small sound wine, drank without any addi-
tion of water, hath been found much more bene-
ficial than stronger wine reduced to the same
strength with water—there is a species of light
pleasant Port, somewhat of the nature of Bur-
gundy, not common in Portugal, lately made by
experiment, that was never strengthened by
brandy, but hitherto hath never made its appear-
ance in Britain, that would probably answer all
the purposes we have hinted at—it was to my
palate the pleasantest wine I ever tasted, even su-
perior to the Creme de Noyeau, a pint was a de-
lightful pittance, a bottle gives brilliancy to wit,
and three pints even to a milkop never conjures up
blue devils, nor leaves nausea, heat, fever or head-
ach behind; in short, it hath every quality of good
wine, without any thing injurious in its nature; it
hath not hitherto been made for sale; I have written
for some pipes of it, but we have no doubt that
it would be produced in plenty, if encourage-
ment were offered for it, and it would be pure,
until

until artful interested men should find means to get it into their hands and adulterate it also, as they have done almost every other sort of wine, that is now commonly sold in this commercial country. We know that there are some respectable wine merchants, who are above baseness, and generally keep as good wine, as hath been commonly brought into this island, but we are not ignorant that a number of cheaper dealers now swarm, who can commonly sell at a lower rate, than the others can or will buy at—whether their wines are really good or not, we leave to the determination of those who have judgment, taste and experience.

Nectar? I am now trying to procure it.

Wine merchants men of honour.

Wine may be bought here cheap enough.

Were we to treat on regimen, or on dietetic wines, there is yet room left for a volume of new and useful observations, but it is more consistent with our present plan, to confine what we would say within a few cursory remarks which some may read, and comment on with advantage. The Materia Medica of the ancient physicians was limited within very narrow bounds, and wine was a capital part of it; the moderns have widely extended its dimensions, and enriched it with many very useful medicines, but whether or not, the healing art is proportionably improved, is a question which may be negatively answered—we have seen many hypothetical doctors, learnedly crouding their prescriptions with multifarious articles, like mechanical projectors, loading their machines with levers and wheels, when half their number would have done the business better.

On dietetic wine.

A slight comparison betwixt ancient and modern physic.

Plain facts are the soul of science.

Hippocrates the divine father of physic, whose simple sagacity will be for ever the admiration of intelligent men, was probably as successful as any of his successors—he followed nature, and was accurate in all his observations—wine was a capital remedy in his practice, both as a preserver and a restorer of health, and the wisest among the most

The ancient physicians ordered good wine often.

Principles of
science abso-
lutely necessary.

An useful warn-
ing to gentle-
men or lady
doctors.

Wine seldom
improper in the
evening of life.

most learned or wise of the faculty, still prefer it to the best of the cordials or restoratives of the shops; there can be no general rules given, or can be followed in physic, without the strictest attention to circumstances of age, sex, succession of symptoms, constitution, illness, season of the year, property, &c. upon principles of science, and he who reads the *Avis au peuple*, or Domestic Medicine, till he can repeat every sentence *ad unguem*, without these, will be at best but a Charlatan, or a gentleman doctor, who hath mispent his time, he hath only acquired an imposing flux of words or confounded ideas to prescribe improperly. We earnestly recommend it to all benevolent persons, who wish to relieve suffering humanity, before they begin to prescribe, that they would first gain some requisite knowledge on fundamental principles, or confine their practice to poultices, gruel, broth or flannel, lest they violate the sixth commandment—their good intentions cannot excuse their rashness, by the laws of either God or man, and even their own consciences ought not to acquit them of murder, when a human creature is killed by their ignorance; even wine is often given kindly by lady doctors deleteriously to young strong persons, in inflammatory diseases, but to languid senility, we would recommend a chirping glass of generous wine, occasionally—infants, pubescents, irritable or hectic persons ought to use this fluid, when thought necessary, much diluted—yet I have seen infants who loathed all sorts of food and medicine, recovered by a liberal allowance of sheer wine—if wine heats, it does harm—if it gives spirits, strength and appetite, good. Hippocrates called his strongest mixture of wine, *axxalasala*, and the weakest *vdapysala*—another mixture of equal parts was called *1000; 1000*—in summer or warm climates, the mixtures may be weak; in winter, stronger, according to circumstances—when the *vis vite*, or the

the vital or involuntary motions are defective or weak, where faintishness or cold clammy sweats are troublesome, in relaxation of the stomach or intestines, attended with mawkishness or fastidiousity of food, flatus, &c. it is probable that a glass of such pure wine as is most agreeable, taken occasionally, or an hour before dinner or supper (when this meal is used) may be found an excellent medicine, and we may venture to maintain that sound unbranded Red Port, is by no means the least valuable. In all diseases of a putrid tendency, particularly of the true scorbutic cast, wine is what a sailor might call his sheet anchor. In sanious sores, or mortifications, many surgeons have thought wine and opium superior to Peruvian bark, with all the farrago of other antiseptics. In the fenny parts of Lincoln, Essex or Holland, we believe that firm sound wine is what a doctor would call a prophylactick or preservative from agues, putrid fevers, &c. more beneficial than both gin and tobacco, we prefer it to Peruvian bark, serpentaria, &c.—Much might be said in favour of cooled wines, but those who wish to satisfy themselves on this subject, may read Ramazini on Iced Wines. In gouty habits, when the corporeal functions flag, wine well used is restorative; in such cases we suppose that sound Port or old Madeira, is preferable to Claret or Champagne. The Rhenish, Hock, Mozelle and Ninkarine wines, have been justly recommended by different physicians, particularly by Hoffman, as powerfully diuretick, this quality probably resides in their saline and spirituous parts. The Hungarian wines have been highly extolled in an ingenious treatise, by a Mr. Douglass, but we humbly confess our ignorance of them. Did any man desire to appear learned, there are not many subjects would suit his purpose better than wine, because almost all the poets in many languages, from

States of body where wine may be ranked in the first class of medicines.

Wine useful in phlegmatick habits or marshy countries.

Wine cooled with ice, pleasant and useful.

In some arthritic cases, cordial wines are preferable to lighter ones.

Wines that stimulate the kidneys.

Tokey is an elegant, but a very expensive wine, so is the Creme de Noyeau.

Wine an excellent theme for a would be scholar.

AN ESSAY ON PORT WINE.

from Homer down to Alex. Stephens, the philosophers, nay priests, historians, and physicians in abundance, have celebrated the virtues of wine, so that his volumes might be extended to any size by annotations, quotations and interpolations, from hundreds of eminent authors of many nations, the catalogue only of whose names would assist much to swell a pamphlet into a book, but plausibility is no part of our plan, we wish to be plain, simple and useful, on the presumption that we possess some knowledge, much experience, and a portion of philanthropy. After all the elegant and just recommendations of wine, we have seen in books, yet one question may occur; whether its use or abuse have done most good or harm to mankind? If fairly enquired into, the result might rest on the latter; but even that could be no argument against the proper use of good wine.

We proposed at first to have written a few pages on water, as not foreign to what we have hinted on mixed wines, but now dreading to make this pamphlet more prolix than useful, we will recommend the inquisitive reader to Boerhaave, to Boyle, to Hales, to Hoffman, and other excellent authors for gratification, indulging only in a few summary hints that—water, as making a very large part of our beverage, deserves more attention than we give it. Delicate persons are most easily affected with impure water; but the most robust often suffer severely from its use, boiling helps to purify it, but melted snow, or distillation, yield the most unmingled fluid; the water of wells and springs in large towns, commonly contain much heterogeneous matter—transparency in water is no positive proof of purity—when water hath been well filtered through large beds of sand or fine gravel, it may be said to flow under the auspices of Hygeia—lead cisterns or pipes for water, are always attended with danger.

N. B.

A query.

Might not religion, physic, &c. be classed in this predicament, and the result rest in their favour.

Some hints on water.

Lead taken inwardly hurtful, it rusts, and is often swallowed.

AN ESSAY ON PORT WINE.

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N. B. It is usual to clean foul bottles with grains or pellets of lead, called small shot, and carelessly to leave some in the bottles; wine and weak acids in time dissolve lead, and all solutions of lead, taken inwardly, are dangerous, and though not always immediately hurtful, yet the consequences are generally sure; violent pains in the bowels, costiveness, wasting of the body, loss of strength, tremor, spasm, convulsion, &c. &c. are but too often the effects of this metal. As an outward application, in inflammations of the eyes, or burns, it is safe and useful. If it is absorbed into the constitution so applied, yet it does no mischief?

a whole pack of hounds were lost by eating out of leaden troughs.

Outwardly applied may be very useful.

As I have mentioned some of the evils that succeed to the internal admission of lead, and as this metal hath been introduced into wine by fraudulent dealers, and may continue to be so, it seemeth to us proper to publish here, an easy, cheap and certain method of discovering that lethiferous foffile in wine. Take a small quantity of suspected wine in a clear glass, drop into it a few drops of a solution of the liver of sulphur; if the wine hath any lead in it, a small leadish coloured or dark cloud will be formed, and precipitate to the bottom of the glass; thus may the body be saved from danger, and the mind from doubt.

An experiment to demonstrate the presence of lead in wine.

N. B. The liver of sulphur is now (the chymical nomenclature being changed) called sulphurated kali, and is perfectly soluble in water. Some physicians say they have found this simple solution an useful remedy against arsenic, or corrosive sublimate, when suspended in wine, or indeed to prevent the bad effects of any mineral poison, however taken.

Liver of sulphur an antidote against mineral poisons.

It hath been advanced by some ingenious men, that England and Ireland may be amply supplied with good wines from grapes of their own growth. I will not pretend to reason on this point with these gentlemen, they have much to say. I was

On making wine in England.

It is an uphill
business to force
nature.

many years ago at Pains-hill, in Surry, when Mr. Hamilton had a beautiful vineyard there, and made from it elegant wine, the soil and situation we allow are good, but yet something, perhaps the sun of the south, is wanting. A man may be an excellent scholar, and expert in the belles-lettres, yet you cannot compel him to be a poet. It seemeth that every climate hath useful indigenous productions, that might cost more than their true value, if forced in another *.

A hint.

There are some places which we shall point at anon, from whence this country may be better supplied with wines, than perhaps it will, or can be, from any other part we know, if Port passeth away, and the reasons shall now be given for mentioning this conjecture.

Canary wine
formerly excel-
lent, now little
known.

The Canary wines about half a century ago, were excellent, they were imported on the mother or lees, and sold pure, they were fit for sick persons or valetudinarians; now they are like our manners, mixed, mended, chopped, changed, and so altered from their salutary simplicity, that scarcely a trace of what they were, now remains.

Madeira less
common, nay,
you may often
meet with it
bad, even at the
tables of wine
merchants.

Madeira wine, about 40 years ago, was very common in Britain, and often it was excellent, though more was drank in London only, than that island produced, but its price became high, therefore much was made here; the tables of the opulent in our East and West Indies seldom ex-

* The wines made from different fruits in Britain, such as currants, raspberries, &c. also Birch wine, Cowslip, &c. we have often relished as excellent, and when well made, without being over brandied, we believe them to be wholesome; but they are often spoiled by bad management—yet we can recommend the common use of them, as far preferable to any foreign adulterated wines, particularly to that injurious one, which nine-tenths of the public suffer to be imposed on them for Red Port. N. B. It is probable, the great increase of spurious foreign wines in this island, causes an addition of many thousands annually to our bills of mortality!—Let Common-Sense sit Judge on this note.

hibited

hibited then, any other wine, and there was no reason to complain of deficiency, for if Homer had drank it, he would have said the *wine of Jove* again existed, though all his gods are out of fashion. I believe Madeira is now scarcely to be reckoned one of our wines; at least I have but rarely seen or heard of it good for the few months I have been in Britain.

Malaga wine, when genuine, is admirable, but now hath lost its reputation; the arts arising from sophistication have almost extinguished its name. Sherry, when pure, is one of the best of all our white wines, and in vast vogue about 15 years ago, is now retiring from our acquaintance, yet there is a way left of procuring it excellent. When I was at Xeres (near Cadiz) the whole domain on which it grew, could not produce 2000 pipes of good wine. Some other wines, from similar causes, have almost sunk into annihilation.

Malaga seldom seen.

Sherry not so good as it was.

That way this author will communicate to any gentleman.

The Red Port Wine is already on the decline, not from its own nature, but from the treatment it meets with; of itself, if it had but common justice, it is excellent, and might be sent to us, as pure, as elegant, and as pleasant a potation, of different qualities, as all the different countries in Europe produce; but merchants hurry so hard for ready return, that it is sent here, as soon as possible after it comes from the vats of the vignerons; nay, much of it is swallowed in England, before it is one year old, or its must is opened into melioration, before it hath deposited any part of its essential salt, which maketh it harsh, before its *spiritus rector*, or essential oil, is exalted into flavour, and before that time hath matured its primordial or constituent parts into (if I may use the expression) homogeneity. Whereas, if the foul, unripe, and putrid grapes were removed before pressing, the must suffered to mother on its lees undisturbed for a proper time, then sent

Port falling fast into perdition.

Reasons why Port will soon lose its market in Britain.

Port might be made much better than it is.

AN ESSAY ON PORT WINE.

to us without brewage, or less bad brandy, and sold fairly, without cookery, then would the senses be delighted, the head uninjured, the stomach free from nausea, after festival indulgence, nor would a moderate daily gratification be succeeded by glandular obstructions, cutaneous eruptions, dropsies, rheumatisms, gout, diseases of the stomach and bowels, commonly called bilious, nervous affections, &c. &c. As it is, the greatest part of the Port Wine sold here, is exactly what the Greeks called οἶνος ἐξηθερίσμενος, and shunned like a plague; had they known this sort of Port, they might have named it ποτὸν διαβολῶν, for its taste and qualities seem but ill suited to either the pleasure, the salubrity, or the longevity of man. It is not possible to sell good wine at the low rate these are sold; the cheapest we have seen are very dear at half the money.

A visionary idea of ascertaining the difference betwixt the price and value of things.

A question.

A commercial treaty on equitable terms we believe might be had; it is their interest to do it; but they are incredibly slow in every thing.

During our glorious war of 1756, the Portuguese made a cat's paw of Britain, to send

It would be a great good, if we could learn to ascertain nearly the exact proportion betwixt the price and worth of things. If Port Wine should fall off but a little more than it hath done lately? Where or what may be the best remedy? A wise minister could answer this question better than I can. It is plain to every person, that the people of this country will not long be contented to pay such high prices for what is of little, or less than little value. The trade of Portugal is not so good to us as it might or ought to be. Our manufacture is either interdicted, as all the Manchester goods, Birmingham and Sheffield wares, and ale, beer, porter, &c. &c. though the natives wish for them exceedingly, and what they do admit, are low priced things on very high duties. The trade was lately so much against us, that the exchange was high in their favour, and much money was sent from England to pay for wine, cotton, dye stuffs, &c. Were we to treat them in the same manner, they would find soon, they could

could not do without us; were we to prohibit their wines, discontent, insurrection, &c. would probably, while the genius of reform rages, succeed as a consequence; in short, we are to them like a right arm, while they are to us scarcely a little finger. Our minister, I presume, hath not time for this horrid war to attend to these things, especially while the treasury receives considerably above a million and a half sterling from the Portugal wine trade; but it is totally collected from the inhabitants of this country.

There is another tax upon the people of Britain at Oporto, which is in the hands of the merchants of the factory, which they have never accounted for, perhaps they might be puzzled to do it satisfactorily; indeed, they preserve a masonic silence upon it, regarding it as their own, which it is not. It amounts to several thousands of pounds yearly, and is collected from the shippers of wines, when wine is put on board*. This tallage was at first allowed for an excellent purpose, the support of British subjects that might be destitute in that country. Now it hath increased with that trade, to a very considerable sum, more than is requisite, and it would at least be reasonable, this nation, which pays it, should see how it hath been expended. An order from Government, or an act of Parliament, it is supposed will soon satisfy the people here, how these factory merchants have bestowed the public money.

Now let us come to that part of our subject, an agreeable and advantageous remedy for the failure of Port Wine. Every person will allow

* This tribute paid on wines at Oporto shipped for Britain is four testoons, or about half-a-crown for each pipe.—If it were still necessary, it would be reasonable to continue it—if not necessary, it ought to be remitted, or absorbed into the sink of government subsistence; but alas, this sort of reform would pare the pinions of those proud factors who are tremblingly alive to every idea of examination!

that

them troops, which it could ill spare, under a false pretence of assisting them against a Spanish invasion, which was all a sham!! We were duped by the M. de P—mb—l. The Portugal trade increases without lightening the taxes of this country.

The factory at Oporto collect an impost on wine, which ought to be accounted for. It is the duty of ministers to examine into every abuse of public money—It is hoped they will.

AN ESSAY ON PORT WINE.

We are compassionate in words, but cruel in our actions.

A fair picture of war to this nation in the present case.

Do not all the nations in Europe smile with malignant envy on the prosperity of Britain, and rejoice to see us spending our blood and treasure in such an unprofitable war as this is?

Political reveries which some may approve, and others censure, but they may change our monotony on wine.

Austria and Prussia were then the valorous chiefs in this war, they besought our assistance, they borrowed our money, played booty, left us the principals, with an addition of one hundred millions, or much more, of national debt! O rare John Bull, when wilt thou be wise?

that peace and commerce, while we can maintain them with honour, are best suited to the interest of this country. We have heard of many benevolent expressions issuing from the mouths of our ministers and senators, on the slave trade, yet soon after have we seen the plains of Europe covered with armed men! the fields fattened with hundreds of thousands of their bodies! this unfortunate country sacrificing its essential interests, starving the people at home, sinking incredible sums abroad, in the traffic of blood, for other nations, more than some kingdoms are worth, while we groan under increasing loads already too heavy to bear, and all for what? To us, tweedledum or tweedledee—whether the French shall have a monarchy or a republic. Had we but been so fortunate as to have kept out of this scrape, and expended well only a few millions on our marine, the nations around us might have beheld our wisdom and our greatness with wondering eyes. The enthusiastic violence of Gallic reformers, afraid of carrying the joke too far to provoke us, might have, without our interference, generated intestine parties, if possible, of more malignancy than the National Assembly—but our joining the junto of belligerent kings, cemented these demagogues even against their private views into one more compact body—or let us suppose their numerous armies had long ago, without our opposition, returned home victorious—the Convention would or could not have rewarded up to their expectations—successful soldiers are proud, and if dissatisfied, must be dangerous to their masters—interest, ambition, or both, might have raised another Monk among their generals—Monarchy in France, if it was our object, might have been quietly or tumultuously restored by themselves, without the expence of either our blood or treasure—If it had not, what then? We might have been,

been, by a domestic establishment, more opulent, more powerful, more respectable, and perhaps more happy, if a few moderate and reasonable reforms at home had been wisely granted.—These are reveries to show that peace and commerce might have been maintained, and that they are the best things for us. It seemeth to me probable, that in case of the failure of Port Wine, or indeed were it even to mend, we might yet increase our commerce, and procure a pleasanter supply of more exquisite wines than ever Spain or Portugal, I had almost said, than even France hath hitherto sent us.

Power in nations must be considered relatively, not absolutely. Let those go to war who like it, but the British motto ought to be, SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX.

New ideas that may merit attention.

The Turks begin, like other nations, to emancipate from the fetters of prejudice, and to see their interest through a clearer medium than they did formerly.—Might not a commercial treaty be easily formed with them, more profitable even than was our trade with them about 70 years ago, when Parliament ignorantly interfered with it, and lost it.—Our finest as well as our coarser cloaths would be acceptable—Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Norwich manufactures, Staffordshire pottery, &c. &c. would soon make their way into the innermost dominions of the Sultan—such a trade would make many sailors, enrich the merchants, employ many hands, and bring in an additional revenue to the state, without any increase of load to our own taxes, or more excise laws.—Next we come to a plan of provision for better wine than ever we enjoyed before—in our opinion not only possible, but practicable, on a fair view of probability—it seems at least worthy of trial—but as this is an extemporary brat of the author's brain, he may, like other projectors, foster it with foolish fondness—the unprejudiced and intelligent reader must be the best judge.

A commercial treaty may now be formed with the Turks.

A plan for procuring good wine.

There are several islands in the Archipelago now neglected and useless to the Turks, that from the

the poverty of the people produce little or no revenue to government—is it not probable, that the Divan might be easily convinced, that its friendship is valuable to Britain; that an alliance with us would become useful to Turkey; that it never could be the interest of a distant people, like us, to attempt to injure them? That if they would plant, or let us plant, some of the Cyclades with vines, and suffer a few of our merchants to settle a factory under their auspices, and employ their people to make wine, that these miserable, uncultivated, barren grounds, lying in the finest climates, with a nature and soil, assisted with but a little labour, might make them the seat of health and longevity, as well as a granary for corn, wine, oil, honey, fruits, &c. the best of their kinds in the world. Homer sung delightfully the Coan and Chian wines, enraptured with their fragrance and delicacy; and Hippocrates, possessing divine sagacity, praised them as highly, for their prophylactick and therapeutick qualities.

There is one island, Candia, I believe in Europe, of great extent, in the Mediterranean, hath an admirable climate, lying in about 35 and 36 degrees: its situation as an island, renders it, if it were cultivated, one of the most delightful and healthful spots in the world, capable of producing every thing that can please or be useful to man, though it is 200 miles long and 50 broad, the inhabitants are few, miserable and ignorant, give nothing to government, and have but little to themselves, but are as capable of cultivation as their country; a little time and pains would make them more numerous, urbane, industrious, opulent and useful to their state. Such a change might make them literally to drink their waters of Lethe with gladness. When the Venetians had it a little more than a century ago, and made on it
after

The Cyclades mentioned.

It is probable that a voyage, before the disease is incurable, and residence for a short time in the Cyclades, would recover more consumptive persons than Lisbon, Naples, doctors, drugs, or all the arcana of physic.

Situation of Candia, admirable for wine, &c.

Extending happiness to distant nations is an object worthy of Britain.

The Venetians made it a valuable island.

after the manner of the ancients, much of the most delicate wines in Europe, and exported them to many northern nations, where they were held in the highest estimation, so delicately excellent that they cannot suffer sophistication—still a little of excellent gusto may be met with among some of the Greeks on the island, and though the Mussulmans do not yet *openly* drink wine, yet who can doubt, that they will not gladly enter into a commercial treaty where their own interest must be considerably concerned, and this is the time to try it *—I would not shed one drop of human blood to change even the superficial or superstitious parts of any religion in any country, their bowings, their courtesying, their bendings, their eastings, their westings, no nor any other flexure or gyration of human invention, if they think it essential; for if the great God permits our follies or smiles on innocent trumperies, what right can any man have to correct or to kill another, for the practice of harmless prejudices?—Yet if the Mussulmans should catch the spirit of reform, and wheel about on the pivot of common sense, to venture on a little good wine, ale, or porter, to allay the ills that humanity is heir to, or to occasionally increase the felicity of life, I confess that every sentiment of fellow-feeling within me, would exult at the metamorphosis; but alas! a few generations probably must pass away before such a change can there take place!—The advantages that might result from the execution of a commercial treaty with the Turks would fill a volume, they rise so fast upon me that I must quit the subject, as not suited to either our limits or abilities—Yet suffer me to show you some of those gleams that seem to glow in my mind's eye.

If good men of different nations were but better acquainted, it would diminish our prepossessions against one another. It is probable, religion and government are the causes of our different characters. If the features and systems of both, were meliorated, might not men be more friendly, more happy, and the sweet milk of human kindness succeed to all that rancour, generated by priestcraft, even on christian principles, which hath long tormented and disgraced mankind?

* The taking of Candia cost the Turks above one hundred thousand men—the possession of it, hath as yet never been worth sixpence—such are often the consequences of the cruellest and the most expensive wars!!!

G

There

Visions of prof-
perity.

Have we not
large tracts,
even of flat
land near to
London, that
are as barren as
any highland
mountain?

Some may say
castles in
nebibus.

Are we not still
deficient in
dying black and
scarlet? or can
we yet temper
steel as well as
some less im-
proved nations?
or can we, &c?

If so, our insu-
lar situation
might make us
smile at the bug-
bear of foreign
invasion.

There appears to be many merchants yet un-
born, sending fleets fraught with our manufacture
to the Turkish dominions, and returning with
the most delicate wines in the world, as well as
excellent cotton, choice dye stuffs, &c. &c. and
these merchants vying in wealth with sovereign
princes. There may be by such a treaty, a vast
increase in many of our most lucrative manu-
factures; methinks I foresee many towns and
beautiful villages rising in Britain as the profi-
table effects of such a traffic, the industrious in-
habitants enjoying peace and plenty, the barren
lands made fruitful, and waving fields of yellow
corn, where only heath grows now. By the in-
creased numbers of useful inhabitants, a ready
market must be found for the farmer, the weaver
never idle, consequently the plough and the
shuttle striving which shall operate best, to pro-
duce plenty or wealth; this loaded nation, light-
ening the burdens of debt under which it groans,
by a happy increase of revenue, and wise ex-
penditure, profiting from former follies, peace
preserved at home, and traffic extended abroad.
If then we should grow too opulent, let us
judiciously colonize at home, drawing honourably
from other countries, by liberal encouragement,
the most ingenious artists of every occupation, by
offering capital premiums to any person who can
facilitate, or improve any defective or difficult
part of our manufactures, or we may lay out equi-
tably, many millions on cutting canals, improving
navigations, fisheries, &c. draining marshes, or
enriching moorish or mossy grounds, &c. &c. in
short, any experiment at home, however expensive,
must be preferable to the folly of foreign war; yet
I would have our navy, and every thing else that
can relate to our internal defence, constantly pro-
vided for with pious care.

An administration (who can never harbour the

the sordid idea of amassing private wealth) appointed by a patriot king, that in all its acts should be cordially the friend of the people, not listening to licentious fastidiousity, but wisely repealing injurious or offensive laws, and removing all real causes of grievance, so as that no paltry partiality or preference should remain, and no impositions or exactions be levied without reason, equity and justice, for in this fortunate island we ought to have no oppressive distinctions, but all be included liberally under the denomination of good or bad subjects only, so if possible as no just cause of complaint should be left unregarded. With self condemnation I quit these desirable chimeras with a sigh, lest I be reckoned a visionary who indulges on prospects that posterity like their predecessors may never have virtue to realize, and though our ancestors left us a solid foundation for a durable constitution, yet like all other human establishments, it ought to be repaired, restored, corrected, or amended from time to time, according to the nature or manners of the times, and the circumstances which regulate or affect all things.

Could such an administration be brought into existence, what a nation should not this become?

The true power of the crown in this country must be the prosperity of the people.

Men who think differently, may say this writer amuseth himself with the phantoms of fancy. It is to be hoped our governors may learn in time, to take hints, even from simple men.

The Author of this Essay having traversed over much of Europe, taking notes from his observations and informations, presumes now that a few anecdotes on wines, may not be useless to some readers on this article; how to procure the best, is often not known, it may be allowable to offer our little knowledge to those who may have less. Let us begin with white wine; Madeira

Madeira wine.

This wine is not known and never to be found in Portugal—it is with much difficulty the wine of any one province can be brought into another.

Malaga wine but little known among persons of fashion, because seldom genuine.

Sherry or Xeres naturally good, and hath a fine flavour.

way as any, is, to have it shipped at the island, on board of vessels going to the East or West Indies; motion and warmth are believed to be useful to its maturation and melioration—this is the only Portuguese white wine, that we shall recommend, as but little elsewhere is made of much value, they might make excellent—their Lisbon is sometimes tolerable—the White Port seldom exceeds mediocrity, it is too much loaded with brandy—the others are so small in quantity as seldom to acquire a name in this country.

The Spanish wines are some of them admirable, but seldom now to be had genuine—No wine can be more improved by age, warmth, and motion, than Malaga—after fruit or flatulent food, or ices, or any thing taken into the stomach producing coldness, oppression or eructation, we recommend a glass of this warm, cordial, generous wine when pure, as far better than brandy, for this ardent spirit, when often used, we may venture in the face of fashion, to call it a slow poison—Malaga, old and unadulterated, may justly be stiled an useful cordial—I never saw any of it that was sold in this country that was tolerably good—it is very easy to make indifferent Malaga—some few merchants have it old and genuine—the best I ever tasted was in wine merchant's houses in Malaga, 16 years old, but they cannot sell such wine, except at a very high price, on account of evaporation, leakage, and money lying dormant, nor even then do they choose to part with a quarter cask, at any price, but as a very great favour—it is more to their interest to sell new wine.

Sherry, as we call it, when pure, is an excellent wine: it is produced on a small estate at Xeres, in Andalusia, about 18 miles from Cadiz—when I was there, the quantity made, had never exceeded 2000 pipes, if so much, yet it is probable that
three

three times that number have been yearly consumed.

Pacharetti, another Spanish white wine, is of pleasant flavour, but is also liable to adulteration, therefore but seldom to be had here, from the common dealer.—There are several other Spanish white wines, that may be said to be anonymous, such as Vidonia, Calcavella, &c. that deserve notice; nay, are sometimes excellent, but are seldom mentioned or little known in the nomenclature of wines.—It is remarkable, that we have hardly any other red wine from Spain, but Benecarlo, and that is principally used, for mending the colour of pale or weak bad Port—of itself it is a harsh, unpleasant deep coloured sort of strong wine, without flavour.—The extended coast from Andalusia to Catalonia is capable of producing admirable wines of almost every kind.

We shall just mention the German white wines, because of them, we have but little practical knowledge; but some extol highly the Hock, the Rhenish, the Moselle and Nikarine wines, they do not meliorate by age, unless by adding a yearly supply of new wine to them, as at Heidelberg, where the great tun is public property; and contains about a thousand hogshheads; every vintage supplies the annual waste. Some German physicians, particularly Hoffman, as well as others, have justly celebrated their diuretick virtues; many may reprobate my want of taste, when I say, that festive felicity would receive but little injury, if these wines were kept in cold cellars, by apothecaries only, yet I have seen some men of great intellectual, as well as corporeal discernment, mellow with great gusto on Hock, while others sipped with delight, the most delicate Burgundy. Hock is sent to us in casks called awms, answering nearly to what we call a tierce, or about the third part of a pipe; it requires some pains

Pacharetti is sometimes sent here excellent by interest, and paying in advance—this is the grand secret of procuring the purest wines, if you know to whom you should apply.

German white wines have diuretick virtues, which they lose if long kept in this country, because not refreshed annually with some new wine.

Hock is the most pleasant and generous, its admirers should imbibe it annually;

AN ESSAY ON PORT WINE.

pains to procure it good; it loses its flavour here by keeping, but any attempts at adulteration, are as soon perceptible in this wine, as in any we are acquainted with.

When an author writes by memory only, caution is necessary.

We shall pass over in silence, several other sorts of white wines, either because our knowledge or recollection of them is deficient, or that they may not be of sufficient importance to deserve attention, from the reader, and come lastly to those we used to receive from our friendly neighbours, shall I say—no—for it is not true—from our treacherous enemies—this sounds too harsh—then we may say without violation of propriety—from the most unhappy and wretched nation now existing; many pretty sorts of white wines, which bore some resemblance to the then manners of that lively people, for they were airy, volatile and pleasant—but should they acquire a smack of their present temperament, we shall have little cause for regret, even if these ferocious republicans should keep them at home in a state of requisition—We shall suppose many of the French white wines as well known to the reader, as to the writer of this essay, therefore we shall content ourselves with a few observations on Champagne, which may be called the best of the bunch—this wine we shall divide into two sorts—the light, neat, pretty, pleasant produce of Auvillers, and of Epernay, which are the first of this class, seldom will keep in the cask, even in a cold cellar, above a year, without losing their flavour—whereas the finer, firmer, and more elegant wines of Selery and of St. Thiery may be brought to us in the wood, and stand thus without injury for two years; but in a cool situation—no wines bear warmth worse—If my recollection is right, they used to be called in France, *oil de perdrix*.

Wine near to Selery, &c. preferred.

If you desire to relish the wines of Champagne with all the delicacy they deserve—let them be iced

iced before you draw the cork, especially in summer or autumn—if you are fond of the frothy sparkling Champaigne, order it to be bottled about six months after the vintage, this confines a great deal of its gas or fixed air—but if you like it less lively, more mellow, and generous, or as Homer expresses it *πρότερον δεινόν*, leave it to meliorate on its lees a couple of years. How to improve it.

The former light wines seldom keep good in the bottle, above four, five or six years, if so long—the latter firmer sort, will often be excellent if kept cool, after it hath been ten or twelve years in flask—both sorts are wholesome, perhaps in some cases highly medicinal, and possess this advantage, that the most dexterous hand at sophistication cannot attempt a fraud without discovery.

Having said nearly as much on white wine as is consistent with the limits intended for this essay, we come next to a cursory account of red wines, Red Wine. with such characteristic specifications, as we hope will not be regarded as useless or nugatory—We shall begin with those of France, which are many; but in Britain, our knowledge of them extends but to few, therefore we shall only mention those we are best acquainted with—Burgundy, Burgundy. I may say is only known here, in the circles of fashion—its excellence makes it worthy of their attention, and its price secludes people of inferior fortune, from vying with them in this elegant luxury—When the communication shall again be opened, between Britain and that distracted country, the best Burgundy may be procured at or about Beaumé, but it is light, and seldom good after two years old, yet very pleasant, while freshness and flavour continue. Were I to be consulted on this wine, it is probable I should pronounce in favour of the vin de Pomard, which is a firmer and more durable wine,

AN ESSAY ON PORT WINE.

Wines of Chassange or Chambartin, will carry in cask to Britain.

wine, without being in any degree inferior in fragrance or excellence, yet we have heard the wines of de Chassange, and of Chambartin, preferred to both, and our authority at the time appeared not apocryphal, it is probable they might suit this country, but we speak not from knowledge—There is a small tract near to Dijon, where I have been, which but lately belonged to the Prince of Condé, called Romanée, which was supposed to produce the finest flavoured wine in Burgundy—we believe it merited all the eulogy bestowed on it, but then it was never sold.

Hermitage.

There were formerly some very pleasant wines made near to Orange, in Dauphiné, called Hermitage, and Cote Rotie, we do not remember to have ever tasted any of these wines in Britain, though the quantity produced on the banks of the Rhone is not small.—The great advantage resulting from the use of good French wine is, a few glasses stimulate but little even the delicate, and the *bon vivant* may enjoy his friend and his bottle without fever, head-ach or mawkishness—probably because they are untainted with bad brandy, or any other noxious spirits—As a restorative, in cases of morbid or natural delicacy, perhaps they are preferable to any other sort of firmer wines—and even those who are free from ailment, if fortune allows them the election of indulgence, may find these elegant wines, as salutary or more so in warm weather, than any other vinous beverage they can use.

Claret.

Claret is a wine too well known, to admit of our annotations—what was made at Lafitte, Latour, Pontac, Chateau Margouze, Haut-Brion, and two or three other places, was admirable, but of latter times interest hath whetted invention; the vin de Bourdellois, like many others, became dearer and less pure than they were fifty years ago—the late Lord Pembroke we have often heard
acquired

acquired so much knowledge in vinous composition, that he could without one drop of juice from any grape, deceive many (*soi disant*) judges even in Claret—as a *jeu d'esprit* a gentleman may amuse himself with such arts, but after they are known, they ought to be published and treated as the tricks of other jugglers---without science in such secrets, any man without presumption may prognosticate that salubrity cannot succeed such potations. The Italian wines (Florence excepted) are seldom transported hither, Lachrima Christi, on account of its name, hath been much talked of ---it is produced on a small tract near to Baia, about five miles from Naples, but rarely comes to England; no matter, if the stock resembles the samples we saw, it is more venerable for the classic ground on which it grows, than for any excellence it possesses, yet the beautiful knolls, delightful situations, fine light soil, sea breezes, &c. promise much for the fruit of the vine---perhaps the subterranean fires exsiccate the soil too much---most of the Italian wines we saw sunk below mediocrity, very few surpassed it.---

May be made tolerably pleasant, but never wholesome.

Italian wines seldom seen here.

All this district of Naples is heated with underground fires.

The sort of Port Wine which is commonly used in Britain, is very little or rather never tasted by the Portuguese, in their own houses, unless when their *fidalgos* (men of rank) or merchants, give an entertainment to Englishmen, which never did happen three times a year, in any one house, throughout the whole kingdom of Portugal. Hospitality is not the fashion or the disposition of the Portuguese; they seldom, till very lately, gave even a dish of coffee or tea to their own relations; but when they do give a feast on account of some anniversary, a saint's day, or the consecration of a son to the church, then all their tables groan under the load of victuals—there is no regularity in any thing, or courses, or elegance of exhibition, for even in the first families of

Port Wine, such as we use here, is very rarely tasted by the Portuguese.

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rank

rank or antiquity, it is a rare thing indeed to see either knives or forks, fingers are yet the fashion.

This description might look like exaggeration, but those who know that country, must support it as truth.

All foreign productions are rare in Portugal.

Females are never seen in these parties.

Those who are invited to feast in Portugal, commonly send large presents of provisions before them. An entertainment there is generally more expensive to the guest than to the host. Eleemosynary things are always acceptable.

A stranger to Lusitanian festivity must stare when he sees introduced, as a prologue to a play, but more substantial, many dishes of boiled beef and plain boiled rice (curries are not known), this is a *sine qua non*—boiled fowls, hams, sal-picams, &c. smoke round him in abundance—these being nearly demolished, a fresh supply of many roasted pigs, many roasted turkies, many roasted geese, ducks, fowls, pastelinhos, sweet cakes, &c. close the rear of this exuberant festival—I had almost forgotten the most pleasant part of the whole—their fruits *without* cultivation are as excellent as nature in a good climate can give them, but they are not presented with elegance, nor are ices of any sort, nor any foreign wines, not even those of their own distant provinces, introduced—if you look for Burgundy, Claret, Champaign, or even Madeira, you may sooner see an angel, for in the church processions, they are by no means scarce. If any English are in the party (which sometimes happens) then some strong Port is produced, but not from the cellar of the host, he never had a cellar; there are not six houses in Portugal (strangers excepted) who keep now or ever did keep any bottled wine for themselves, or their friends—hospitality existeth not in Lusitania—even the *vinhateiros* (wine-makers) sell all, and buy what they want from the *venda* (wine-shop). They never (even the opulent) drink in their own houses any wine, but a sort of *vinho tinto*, they call *rama*, or another sort still smaller, called *vinho verde* (green wine), all new and out of the cask, but they seem to relish a glass of good wine in English houses. An Englishman calls their wine *rot-gut*, a Frenchman, *vins du pais*, the price is about four-pence a quart, sometimes they are in draught very pleasant—in a few shops

at

at Oporto, they sell factory or strong wine, very new, or such as commonly comes to this country for about 11d. a quart. If you go to drink it in the public-house (there is only one in Oporto a gentleman can sit down in, the Factory-house) you pay at the rate of sixteen pence a bottle.

English sailors are the only customers for strong wines.

Ebriety is a rare vice among the Portuguese; but those who delight in an odious view of voracity, may often gratify it amply in that country. It is seldom or never that the natives use knives

There are more great eaters in Portugal than we have observed elsewhere.

or forks at their own tables, but when they handle any sort of viands, especially of the winged kind, they exhibit the most efficacious motions of the mandible, that keen toothed men can display. I have beheld with admiring eyes the swarthy sons of Lusitania, after they had devoured as much boiled beef, rice, ham, salpicaon, &c. as might satisfy as many savages, begin again with vulturine voracity, on the *volaille rotie*, helping themselves, from distant situations, with extended arms, to whole carcases, held in eager grasp, dropping sauce or gravy in abundance, on all that sat under, while, unconscious of unpolished rusticity, they grinned with canine contentment on the savoury morsel; then, without incision, it was exalted in both hands to sharp white teeth, which cut them not, it is true, but they lacerated limb from limb, with the speed of the lynx or leopard, leaving the bones as bare as the best anatomists, before they make skeletons. In this manner have I seen fowls of magnitude swallowed by individuals, before they emptied one goblet of wine. There seems there to be an art in eating, or a capacity of paunch, which some unfortunately possess for beastly indulgence, that might be restrained within bounds of decency, or such men taught to observe, that the glutton only gains loathsome diseases, is offensive to the senses of delicate persons, and may be said to dig

All strangers are astonished at the manners of that country. There is much room left for improvement.

Costigan, a late writer on Lusitanian customs, hath not exaggerated; but he hath left many things untouched, which might stagger credibility.

his grave with his own teeth. Another custom, too commonly practised in Portugal, is, pocketing at table, not only all sorts of confections, but other dainties, and even viands, such as partridges, quails, or even ducklings, &c. without saying by your leave, or seeming to be sensible of impropriety.

When a writer offers any thing uncommon to English ideas, he ought to be cautiously correct; nor should he risk his reputation, by telling all the truth; but an exact history would amuse many.

Still, as you must know, Portugal remains in a rude state; refinement hath hitherto but rarely offered to exhibit her graces in that kingdom; the country is ill cultivated; the roads, though they have excellent materials at hand for mending or making new ones, generally lie over unformed, as nature in a hilly or rather mountainous country pointed out paths, or tracks have been formed by the feet of animals. A faithful description of their inns would beggar belief. The buildings of all sorts are bad, irregular, expensive, poorly furnished, and very ill contrived. No architectonick arts have hitherto (except at Lisbon) made their appearance in Portugal*. The peasantry are capable of great improve-

Architecture.

The architect picked all from books, but he was only a projector—if he had possessed genius or science, he had excellent opportunities of exhibiting them

Some of the factory gentlemen, who have more pride than sense, on reading this, will swell as usual with cholerick dignity, but let them say, if they can, that it is not true.

* Let me not pass over in silence the very large Factory-house lately built at an enormous expence in Oporto.—The front is handsome, the great stair-case is splendid, and the ball-room is magnificent.—Alas! here endeth all eulogy on this edifice, for all its other component parts in the *tout ensemble* may be compared to a hodge-podge, an *olba padrida*, a piece-meal jumble, or a taylor's cabbage-bag—the kitchen is in the summit of the house, with a curious stair-case, that cannot allow one person to pass another; the supper or dining-rooms resemble a long gallery, leading to better apartments—the coffee-room is a small straight little place, that serves as a road to a bad billiard-room, which is the common passage to a newspaper apartment—all the sleeping chambers, except two, are of the pigeon-hole species, so small, that the bed leaveth not place for three chairs; some of them have no windows, but a sort of borrowed light—the ball room hath its floor as solid as stone and enormous beams could make it, to prevent pleasant dancing, yet this perplexed pile, fit for no one purpose, cost above 20,000*l.* collected from the people of Britain who drink wine, being a tax on every pipe exported.

improvement; at present they are ignorant, superstitious, dirty, meagre, and obsequious. It is to be hoped the *faca da ponta* (stabbing knife) which every man and woman, from the highest to the lowest, even judges, priests, nuns, &c. carry in secret pockets, is falling by degrees into disuse, for clandestine murders seemed lately less frequent.

The vulgar in large towns here, are, if possible, more addicted to every sort of chicane than even the Neapolitans.

We wish for the sake of humanity, that the people of Portugal would try to discuss their heart burnings by a little plain boxing, and that their *fidalgos* (persons of fashion) would adopt the more gentlemanly decision of their differences by duel, it would preserve many lives; these positions might be easily defended on the soundest principles of policy, without violating, when carefully considered, the fundamentals of religion; but this is a doctrine that might be dangerous to touch upon in Lusitania, because we believe there are peculiar motives belonging to both their civil and religious governance, which forbids the discussion of such subjects. Among many coarse customs in Portugal, that of having their horses enter at the same door with themselves, even in their best houses, and the first floor or ground story, which we use for parlours, &c. is with them employed for stabling—even the Eng-

Murder seemed to excite no horror, and seldom incurred punishment—even officers never resent any affront or injury by duel. I knew a captain of grenadiers who attempted to cut off an English merchant's head behind his back, because his brother he supposed had slightly affronted him. The affair was hushed up.

It was above 12 years a building, and is not yet finished. As no rent can be paid for it, it is given to a factor's servant for a tavern, and even this donation may ruin the poor man, but they can help him, if he is humble, with a factory pension. The folly and absurdity of forming such an edifice had its rise in vanity; it was carried on without either taste, calculation, or judgment; the expence came not from their own pockets, and they were afraid our needy government might lay its grasp on their bank.—It is to be lamented, that it may long last a conspicuous monument of the want of intellectual improvement, or even of the deficiency of common sense, which the English factory possessed, at so late a period as the latter part of the eighteenth century! This is a faint not an exaggerated description.

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Sometimes there is more interested policy than liberal hospitality in seeming munificence.

All these offensive things might have been cheaply and easily prevented

The English in Portugal, as well as the Portuguese, seem all to be infected or afflicted, with a medical mania, I once asked a learned doctor, what was a flatu in the brain, for we English understood is not, All I could learn was that a flatu is a flatu.

lish fall insensibly into their manners, *e. g.* An English merchant of the first class in Oporto, for family, fortune and education, hath resided there near forty years, lives at a considerable expence, gives great entertainments, balls, routs, &c. when his company are at dinner, cards or supper, they may hear his mules craunching their ready straw, or braying at the approach of Indian corn, if your ears are not sufficient evidence, that the stables are immediately under the drawing and dining rooms, your olfactory nerves must convince you, for I have there smelt the effluvia something like spirit of hartshorn especially in warm weather.

All this I suppose is very pleasant to the possessors of the house; but to me who am not fastidious, I fancied I even tasted the mules in the viands, perhaps such a situation, might have operated as an emetic to more delicate persons—I tried secretly to account for such a phenomenon, the family having suffered it insensibly, or at least silently for thirty years—All the people in Portugal, with a very few exceptions, are disposed to be great doctors, they must think that filth is sovereign against flatu. (wind) If you find a group in deep conversation, the important subject is their health, their diseases and the cause which is constantly a flatu (meaning a bad air) in the head, in the heart, in the limbs, &c. Their doctors generally talk in the same jargon.†

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† We have been present in medical consultations that have lasted for many hours (four, five, six or seven) every doctor must make a tedious oration, sometimes as long, and as interesting as a methodist's sermon—and perhaps as salutary, however, they commonly all end in orders, for many (three or six) emissions of blood even in diseases of dejection, till we have known their poor patient die under the lancet—they, the doctors, are sometimes so violently opposite in their opinions, that they scold like fish-women, without using more delicate language or more powerful arguments—the graduates in law and physic, are incredibly numerous, they labour much and very cheap, at least for very little money, for (twelve vintems

There are two more topics of universal conversation in Portugal, which added to their histories of ailments, engage all their attention—these are, their families and their law suits—on the first (physick) they all talk at random, probably because they are ignorant of every fundamental principle of science; but were I to translate but briefly some of their histories in common conversation of tremblings, akings, startings, indigestions, swellings, tastes, bilious affections, flatu's obstructions, belchings, coughing, hawkings, spittings, sweatings, &c. &c. we believe it might make some readers sick, and others would feel it to act like a maw-wallup.

The arcana of nature are but seldom superficially seen or enquired into there by doctors, they have all some science like their water finders, by intuition. Physic doth not flourish here.

The second general head, is seldom elegantly discussed in the clearest ideas of genealogy, several being anxious to speak at the same time, and all very vehement, as a looker on may suppose from their gesticulations, this too at last goes off like a Dutch concert. We pretend not to insinuate that a code of jurisprudence might be collected from the reports of cases eagerly delivered in their confabulations on litigation; but we have observed, that every complainant was best pleased when he was heard without interruption; but alas that seldom happened, for impatience caused much vociferation, many thrugs, crossings, exclamations and the rapid use of the snuff box, showed that farther endurance was near an end—so they part to meet again as soon they can on the same interesting subjects.

If the benevolent reader can pardon such digressions, we must acknowledge we are more indebted to his lenity, than he can be to us for such attempts to amuse by unknown anecdotes.

If the minds of men were directed into useful employments, all our injurious passions and nugatory amusements, might be made less troublesome to ourselves, and less hurtful to others—There may be some physical causes, which lead

Mean motives regulate men when nobler are absent.

tems or) sixteen pence is a good fee, but they commonly take care of whole families by the year, for about one or two moidores each, often for less. The first physician in Oporto attends one watch-mender's large family, for keeping one or two old watches in order.

Some of the
factory are so
deep, that they
may be com-
pared to some
mysteries—be-
yond all human
comprehension.
We sincerely
wish we could
write truth,
without offend-
ing the arrogant
dignity of some
of these impor-
tant men.

This good
man is often
said to be a

us to amount for national character in man; but we are inclinable to believe that religion and government help to form the strongest feature in our distinctions—if we were here disposed to be minute or accurate, we might also find that fashion or customs are not indolent agents—Might not every person in this country naturally suppose that good wine is a common thing in Portugal? The reverse is true! And might they not hope to hear that all the English wine merchants have commonly good Port at their own tables---The truth stands thus---some of them have, but the majority exhibit an inferior kind-- I asked one of the factory who always gives good himself---what could be the cause of such economy---his answer was, he allowed the fact; but said that not one of them could save sixpence by it, for he could always sell all his bad wine as well as his best, and for the same price---the whole of this art consists, in batching or mixing wines of different qualities, colour, consistence, &c. with bad brandy (for they have none good) so as to give them strength, appearance, &c. according to the place they are designed to be sent to---even these operations require but little dexterity, for they are often I may say, commonly left to servants, without superintendence---nay, we know one house of great commerce in this line, where the sole master, a man of property, who resides commonly at Oporto, without confinement or inability, hath not been once at, or in his cellars, for above these dozen years; and we are not ignorant of another, where the chief partner visits his vaults often, and sends out wines, 3000 pipes yearly, of as high reputation as any other of the factory, hath grown opulent, and conducts large concerns, yet even his friends allow him to be a very weak man ---in some things they say he is a natural, but we must suppose that all his understanding is devoted to the management or batching of wine, and that the

the wine trade may be well carried on with but few ideas. Jew, but that cannot be true, had they said he is a ram-goat—those who know him best might have smiled at their wit.

If such a man, now he hath acquired a considerable capital, would keep but three or four hundred pipes of wine by him, for but two years constantly fostering on its own lees, then portion it out in batches with new wines, we believe he might still raise the reputation of his best wine---some sensible men have allowed the propriety of such a proposal, for meliorating Port Wine; but we believe they have as men in trade, irrefragable reasons against such a practice---one tells you that all his pipes produce the same price, and that he should not, were he to try it, find customers disposed to reward him for his trouble, delay and expence---another tells you that ready returns are the soul of the wine trade-- that evaporation and waste amounts to an incredible expence--one person of the factory went so far as to say, that in the very great concerns of the house in which he is a small partner, the yearly loss amounted to no less a sum than 5000*l*. this I confess staggered my credibility; but I deliver it exactly---a fourth alledged that so few were real judges of wines, that wine merchants could, like tradesmen doctors, by their address or intrepidity of countenance, dispose of all their wares or prescriptions, without any loss even by the worst of them. — The pomposity of this calculator might make him exaggerate a little, or not a little, his genius is too sublime for simple facts.

After all our enquiries and informations about Port Wine, we have concluded thus, (whether justly or unjustly we submit to those who have taken more pains with superior abilities) that the royal company of Alto D'Auro, always possesseth a much greater quantity of Red Port, than any other, perhaps more than all the other houses in Oporto—that its wine is far from being of an inferior quality to the best of theirs—that it constantly keeps more old wine than all of them—that it is less difficult to be supplied from it, with such wine as deserves approbation, than from any other quarter, provided you know the true chan-

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nel

These sentiments may be near the truth. Some men have censured this company, and

who escapes it, but let me add, according to my experience, it deserves all that can be said that is good.

I have always paid this royal company in advance for all their wines I have had—no one will be so well served who does not—these are its fixed terms.

When truth and eulogy go hand in hand, they are pleasant companions.

Another notorious company once had the management of the Port Wines, and bought them for an old song.

Whether it lost that power, by its wisdom or equity, we leave others to determine—thereby hangs a tale.

This is intended as an advertisement from the author to the reader.

Scheme for establishing a new species of dealing in wine.

nel of application; but to my knowledge they have refused the requests of some respectable persons, who thought their wealth entitled them to have whatever they desired, but for the information of such gentlemen who think themselves ill used, that company, though it sells wines, doth not class itself as a commercial one, but as one appointed by royal authority, to regulate all the general transactions of the wine trade, so as to preserve the staple traffick of Port Wines (the greatest in Portugal) from sinking or suffering by any iniquitous or clandestine practices, and I must add to the honour of that company, that while I resided in Oporto, that I bought better wine from it, for family use, than I could obtain from any person of the factory, for love or money, and that I frequently sent to my friends in Britain, wine from the company, that pleased them better than any I could taste or purchase elsewhere—this is the result of experience, and I trust this company will continue to me its kindness, for I esteem it a very great favour to be treated in business, so as always to feel the most perfect satisfaction. My last importation from this company hath if possible increased my confidence and respect.—By advice just received from the royal company of Alto D'Auro, I have now in different ships a quantity of its best old wines, which may arrive in September, before this can be published—The examination of all honourable men, who know good wine, will be regarded as a compliment; and if any respectable persons desire to be waited on at their own houses, not above two miles distant from where I live, they may transmit me a note by a servant, directed to No. 61, Stanhope-Street, Clare-Market, and I will do myself the honour of waiting on them as soon as I can, or their letters post paid shall be answered.

The plan I have laid down in carrying on a traffick in wine is as follows; to deal for ready money, because I pay in advance, to procure the best wines

wines possible, without regard to a few pounds extra in the cost; never to try at extensive business, but to do a little well; not to receive or to deliver any wines that is not of the first quality—that I will never alter, mix, mend or adulterate any wine I have in my possession, but endeavour to gain and keep the reliance of all who desire to deal with me, without evasion or equivocation—that though I invite no intercourse on the stale and fraudulent scheme of low price, yet I will sell on the most reasonable terms, which in the end will turn out the cheapest; and now to drop this style of egotism which is unpleasant, I will not say any more on this subject, trusting that good wine, *when known*, will want no bush. N. B. Sherry, that will please the best judges of wine, may be had as above.

If any creditable persons should (in these days of address, when simulation is made to pass for simplicity) suspect the author of this Essay of either charlatanry or chicane, he will refer them to men of established reputation of their own acquaintance or rank, to remove their doubts—no stranger in such a city as London, can be offended if his character is tried before he is trusted, nor ought he to shrink from enquiry, for here even the most intelligent or acute have often reason to dread the lure of likelihood.

*Cautus enim metuit foveam lupus, accipiterque,
Suspectos laqueos, et opertum miluus hamum.*

Hor. Ep. lib. I.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE this Essay was written, several of the authors friends, who have frequently tasted his wines, have strongly represented to him, that they believe it will contribute much to his own advantage, and the satisfaction of the public, if he will bottle off some pipes of his Port and Sherry, and dispose of them by retail—to this he readily agreed, being convinced that many families, as well as single men, who wish for good wine, can-

The most difficult part of this traffick he doubts will be, to induce even persons of property to pay promptly on the receiving of their wines—if they do, their own advantage is demonstrable—if they will not, it must be impossible to procure the best old wine, without raising the price. It may not be difficult to demonstrate that the profits on middling or cheap wines are greater than on the best; but let us consider the advantage betwixt health and illness, &c. to the purchasers.

The common selling price of best old Port by the dozen, will be 11. 14s. thirteen bottles to the dozen. Cellars in Stanhope-Street, Clare-Market, No. 61.

not

Fixed plan for a
retail trade, that
every person
may have the best
wine at a rea-
sonable price,
11. 14s. per do-
zen, thirteen
bottles to each
—no accounts—
the bottles also
must be paid
for, but the mo-
ney will be re-
turned when the
bottles are sent
back clean.

not find it convenient to bottle it off from the cask at home, and often cannot light on it, by the dozen abroad, therefore, he will assure the public, that he never will bottle off any Port Wine, for such sale of an inferior sort, or before it hath been at least three or four years in the wood, and of the first quality, and though he may by and by make some difference in his prices by the dozen, on account of lying a longer or a shorter time in bottles, yet there never will be any difference in the quality of the wine itself, and that there never shall be any mean tricks played, nor the smallest cause of complaint given to any one, who does him the honour to send for his wines; or to confide in him. Some of the names of the gentlemen who are the cause of this Postscript, would give credit to the most respectable person in business—they are all worthy of regard, as men of taste, judgment and moral integrity; but it would be improper to publish their names, or even to ask their leave to do it.

Some of the au-
thor's ideas on
philosophy, po-
liticks, govern-
ment, religion,
&c. may be fair
game for the
critic, he only
requests the cen-
sor will treat
him with good
manners—it
must be less hor-
rid to be cut up
with a razor
than a saw—If
the author had
had a judicious
friend to have
pruned his lux-
uriances, as a
gardener does
espaliers, his
Essay had been
freer from
faults.

The author of this Essay, modestly hopes for that degree of credibility, which every person who makes simple truth his standard, hath some claim to expect; and though some things he hath advanced, may be censurable, yet he earnestly requests some grains of allowance, it was not his intention to offend—it is perhaps impossible for some men, not naturally or constitutionally endued with that degree of guarded caution or prudence, which is often accounted wisdom, and is absolutely necessary to prevent censure, to reign in all their self evident sentiments, even when they rise fairly before them, during the hand gallop of the pen; all he can now say, he hath set down nought in malice; but to express better what he wishes to explain, he will borrow a sentence from J. J. Rousseau, and conclude thus.

*Quoique vous pensez, du motif secret de son empres-
sement, il est honnête et raisonnable, il merte que vous
l'approuviez, je repond d'avance, au moins les mes in-
tentions.*

THE END.



